THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 17 & 24, 1903. NUMBER 16 & 17

"In the interest of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and promote truth, righteousness and love in the world."

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17 & 24, 1903. NUMBER 16 & 17

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

Worthy its name! O God, can we
Ask for this house we raise to thee
A finer test, a higher fame,
Than that it shameth not its name?
Broad as the deep and changing sea,—
Its corner-stone Integrity;
Simple as he,—as plain,—as true,—
O give us strength like him *to do!*
The flag he loved o'er it shall fly,
White-rimmed, since Peace is our ally;
And may through it his prophet name,—
To which each age brings added fame,—
Stand for the new Beatitude
Of man's eternal brotherhood.

A. A. O.

A Lincoln Centre number of UNITY, which may be the first of an annual series, can justify its existence in no better way than by giving, in such detail as the pressure of time and limitation of space permit, the past, present and future prospects of the Church out of whose life the Centre is to spring, whose future home it is to become, and whose usefulness and destiny it is to determine. As far as possible, those who have been most intimately connected with the work and who now direct its activities, are permitted to make the exhibit for their respective sections and departments. From the beginning the work of All Souls Church has been divided into four sections, viz., the Social, Charitable, Missionary, and Educational, each section under the direction of a chairman who is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Church. secretaries, so that at the last Annual Meeting twen- These sections have been sub-divided as occasion requires, with further managers, superintendents or secretaries, so that at the last Annual Meeting, twenty-four or more such sections and divisions were reported by their respective officers. The autonomy of each section is as little interfered with as possible, either by the central board or associate activities. The initiative and direction are largely matters of internal administration, with and under the advice of the Minister, who is ex-officio member of all committees.

The first service, out of which sprang the organization, was held November 4, 1882. The first officers were elected on December 8 of the same year. Over eighteen months elapsed before any attempt was made at permanent organization, the Articles of Incorporation being recorded May 29, 1884. On October 12, 1886, the present church home was dedicated. On February 6, 1887, the first by-laws were adopted. Nearly eleven years later, January 13, 1898, the by-laws were revised and the church declared undenominational. A little scrutiny of these figures will show that the organization has been a growth, a development based on actual experience. The work was being done, the methods established before they were formulated. Thus it took the church eighteen months to come to an incorporation, four years to come to its first church home, over five years to come to its first by-laws, seventeen years to come to its independent basis, ten years to come to its "Dream," and twenty-two years to come to its present realization of a beginning for the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Its further exhibit will be better told in the sections that follow.

Our Builders.

It is interesting to know that the contractors, the Sollitt Brothers, who are building the Abraham Lincoln Centre, are All Souls boys. Ralph was one of the earliest secretaries of the Sunday-school, and Sumner, under whose special supervision the walls are going up, is remembered as a chubby, red-faced lad in knee-breeches in one of the primary classes.

Our Picture.

We regret that the exigencies of the mail-bag require the folding of this number of UNITY, thus marring our picture. But for the benefit of those who would like it unwrinkled, arrangements have been made by which we can mail the picture matted and in boards, ready for framing, postage prepaid, for twenty-five cents.

The Congress of Religion.

This organization, born in 1894, in Sinai Temple, has found its working offices and directing Secretary in the All Souls outfit. Its friends may well be interested in the Lincoln Centre. As far as an influence, an atmosphere, an attitude, an encouragement, the open hand and the open mind can have a "center" or "headquarters," the new building in question tenders its hospitalities and extends a continuation of its privileges.

Dedication.

It is hoped that the working-rooms necessary to meet the present activities of All Souls Church will be ready for occupation next fall and that the dedication will occur either on and around the 12th of October, the eighteenth anniversary of the dedication of All Souls Church, or on and around the 4th of November, the twenty-second anniversary of the beginning of the movement. Reader, wherever you are, you are cordially invited to be present. Watch the dates.

Tower Hill and Its Summer School.

Any adequate outline of the work of All Souls Church and the prospective field of the Lincoln Centre must has some mention of Tower Hill, which is not simply the summer home of the Minister and several of the most active workers of All Souls Church, but it is the laboratory wherein the chemicals are prepared and arranged for the winter experiments. Here the programs are forged, the outlines formed, and the Sunday-school work—the seven years' course —literally beaten out, practiced and rehearsed.

First Money.

The first cash offered to the building fund of the New Centre came as a New Year's gift, January 1, 1899, from a hard-working, wage-earning woman. It was a humble offering of five dollars "to buy a stone,

some bricks, or something. * * "I wish for the new building with all my heart." It was accepted with reluctance, even on the part of the boldest of the dreamers, but it was accepted as a Mary offering, "very precious," and the dreamers took heart and pushed on.

Unity.

It is fitting that this exhibit of the spiritual as well as the material invoice of the Lincoln Centre assets should appear in UNITY, for without the old Church it would not have lived, and if the church continues the Lincoln Centre must be its future home. The Unity Publishing Company is a child of All Souls Church. The larger part of its meager stock was subscribed to by members of the Church. For the last five years its business as well as its editorial desks have been in the Church, and UNITY has enjoyed the free services of desk-room, janitor, pastor, and assistants.

Not for Ourselves Alone.

All Souls Church, judged from metropolitan standards, has a constituency neither large nor wealthy, but it has been mindful of the broader fellowship. In its Tenth Annual it reported a total contribution of $7,780 to the $50,000 permanent endowment fund of the Western Unitarian Conference. This was independent of its current missionary contributions. Since that time it has given about $1,800 in annual subscriptions to the support of the Congress of Religion and some $500 to various Unitarian organizations, besides other contributions indicated in the note on the Missionary Section.

A Souvenir.

A special edition of ten thousand copies of this number of UNITY is issued, about five thousand of which will be mailed to such citizens of Chicago as are known to be public spirited and interested in the corporate life of the city. It is hoped that many of those interested in the Lincoln Centre will think of the time when such a publication as this will have a historical interest. Their children may be more interested in it than they themselves now are. The reproductions in this issue are offered not only for the history that already makes them interesting, but for the future history that may make them more so. Extra copies of this issue will be mailed free, so long as the supply holds out, to any address furnished by interested friends.

Our Next Step in Organization.

The hundred thousand dollar point in subscriptions, which made all the subscriptions good, was reached last spring, since which time much of the money has been paid and the balance is in process of collection. It is the hope of the present provisional board, acting under the authority of All Souls Church, to complete the building out of debt and then to transfer the property in charge of a self-perpetuating board of trustees, incorporated under the laws of Illinois provided for educational and similar institutions. All Souls Church will then become a perpetual tenant of the Lincoln Centre with its privileges well defined and its minister and certain members of the management ex officio members of the Lincoln Centre board.

Pulpit Excursions in the City.

One winter for three months the Pastor of All Souls Church spoke on Sunday evenings at Hershey Hall down town, now the Madison Street Theater. Another winter, friends outside of the Church hired Central Music Hall for three months' preaching. Another three months' experiment was a Sunday evening course at Rosalie Hall on Fifty-seventh street. For six months we held evening services at Kenwood Chapel on Forty-fifth street, and for some months following the World's Fair, when the little church on the corner seemed inadequate, services were transferred to the Oakland Music Hall on Fortieth street. All this was sowing seed, perhaps all too recklessly. Some fell on stony ground, some among weeds and briars, and some, let us hope, on good ground and bore fruit.

Our Artist Helper.

The acknowledgments of UNITY and of All Souls Church are due to the faithful co-operation of Mr. F. H. Pattee, of the Barnes-Crosby Company, electrotypers, for the patience and skill in the perfection of the three-color half-tone picture of the Abraham Lincoln Centre in this copy of UNITY. We believe that the picture interprets the spirit in which this Centre is reared,—simple dignity and plain honesty,—for these constitute the first and indispensable elements of good art everywhere. But it is to be remembered that even art photography can arrive at only approximate results, and we confidently expect the building to look better than the picture. This picture is but one of many services which All Souls Church has received at the hands of the Barnes-Crosby Company. Our money has paid the bills rendered, but these words are in acknowledgment of an interest and sympathy and an intelligent fellowship in the work which money cannot buy and for which it can never pay.

The Bricks.

The walls of the Abraham Lincoln Centre are being constructed of a paving brick in two shades, made in Danville, Illinois. It is interesting to know that the dark chocolate of the lower story and the trimnings come out of the same kiln and are burned at the same time as their redder companions. The chocolate color is acquired only by the upper layer in the kiln and comes from the soot that settles into the molten brick and is burned into their complexion. Only a thousand brick of the darker tint are furnished by each burning, and the fact that the entire building of the Carnegie Library at Danville, now also in process of erection, is to be built of this chocolate brick, explains in part the failure of the Danville brick-yard to keep the bricklayers busy on the walls of the Lincoln Centre. But the supply is sure, if slow, and the contractors are assured that very soon they will have "all the brick they want," and the building will proceed with such rapidity as the weather permits.

All Souls Church as a Print Shop.

It believes in printer's ink. For twenty years it has issued its Church Annual of a hundred or more pages. It has a system of monthly bulletins which are mailed to its parish list as well as distributed at the church door. In June it publishes a careful prospectus of the next winter's studies with suggestions for mid-summer reading. It opens its campaigns in the fall with a more elaborated "Condensed Program" which sets forth in detail the season's work. And Minister and members apply themselves to hewing to these lines, from which there is seldom a deviation or a suspension. Christmas and Easter times it has sought to put high sentiment and permanent literature into beautiful typographical dress. Much of this printing has gone far afield and many of our readers will recall "Love and Loyalty," a little handful of home-made poetry, the Christmas Hymns of Milton and Alfred Domet, the Ruskin "Christmas Letter," the "Message to Girls" and the "Creed of the St. George's Guild," not to speak of "The Chorus of

Faith," perhaps the best one-volume compend of the teachings of the Parliament of Religions, "Nuggets from a Welsh Mine," and other publications of the Minister's word.

Our Advertisers.

Acknowledgment is here made to the business houses which, spite of the business man's superstition that "it does not pay to advertise in religious papers," have through their patronage helped to defray a portion of the extra expense involved in this edition. This boycotting of the religious press by advertisers presents an interesting study to the psychologist. Is it done on the theory that the sober-minded people who select their reading with care and are in touch with the thought of the world see through the extravagant rhetoric of the advertiser and are unmoved by it? Is it on the assumption that readers of such papers are not buying goods? Is it because the legitimate dealer knows that he has the patronage of the intelligent anyhow? Is it because he thinks nobody reads such a paper, or why is it? The economic philosophy of advertising has never yet been adequately studied, but it would seem that to reach an aggregate of 50,000 pairs of eyes in the quiet of the home fireside is an opportunity not wholly wanting in commercial value. On behalf of the Abraham Lincoln Centre we thank our advertisers. Also the friends whose gratuitous aid secured the same for us.

All Souls Church Lyceum Platform.

"Of the many services All Souls Church has rendered the community, none has been more timely or significant than that rendered last week when it brought Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois from Atlanta to speak to such an audience as was given him, on 'The Development of a People.'" This was the remark of an intelligent citizen concerning an event which afforded great pleasure and profit to the houseful of people who were permitted to hear this man of culture and refinement speak his sane word in regard to the race problem, south, north, and everywhere. Professor Du Bois was but the last in a long list of distinguished names of men and women who have been given a hearing on the platform of All Souls Church. It has always been the aim of this church to realize the dream of Emerson concerning the American lyceum as a secular pulpit, wherein the noblest could make their appeal in the interest of the highest things. Among those who have honored this platform throughout many years have been John Fiske, Frederick Douglas, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Prof. Bonet-Maury, of Paris, the Ramabai, Dharmapala, Nagarkar, Mozoomdar of India, Dr. Yamei Kin of China, Prince Wolkonsky of Russia, not to mention the long list of living prophets and apostles of our own country, of whom William C. Gannett, Minot J. Savage, David Starr Jordan, John W. Chadwick and Edwin D. Mead may serve as types.

Charitable Section.

The Charitable Section of All Souls Church has had from its beginning the democratic ideals of the "New Philanthropy." The endeavor has been to be helpful to any less fortunate, whether lacking in food or clothing or friends or interests, interpreting Charity in its broader sense of Love, and sharing rather than bestowing.

This section has been allied with the bueau of Associated Charities since the inception of that work in Chicago. With this help the problem of combining honest human sympathy and scientific method in the work has been easier. Among the many other organizations with which the section has been connected are the Newsboys' Home, the Creche at 233 25th street, the Woman's Hospital, the Prisoners' Aid Association, the Home for Incurables, the Boys' Industrial School at Norwood, later at Glenwood, Bethesda Day Nursery, School Children's Aid Society, Home for the Friendless, and Dr. Helen Heath's Relief Station on Wall Street.

In 1895 the Helen Heath Settlement, a "Centre of Neighborly Helpfulness," was started, and has offered a place of meeting for those of various interests and advantages. The first chairman of this section was Mrs. E. A. Johnson, and following her were Mrs. V. D. Perkins, Mrs. R. H. Doud, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. V. D. Perkins and Mrs. B. J. Arnold. The Industrial gatherings meeting every Tuesday has been a feature of this section and accomplishes as much in its spirit of friendliness among the members as in the actual work of garments made. Charity may enter everywhere, and our hope for this section in its larger facilities in Lincoln Centre is that it may make this spirit more pervasive. E. T. K.

Our Contributors.

Readers will find elsewhere the names of those who have contributed to the Lincoln Centre fund in four different lists. These lists are quite distinct one from the other. The subscriptions have been solicited and the collections have been made by the different groups represented. New subscriptions may be made and old contributions paid, as follows:

General Fund, Mr. Wm. Kent, Treasurer, 12 Sherman St. The Women's Fund, Mrs. Edward Morris, Chairman, 4500 Michigan Ave.; Confirmation Class Fund, Miss Lillie Pfeiffer, Chairman, 4331 Wentworth Ave. The UNITY Fund, care of UNITY, 3939 Langley Ave.

The Magazine Dispensary.

The Magazine Dispensary was started in 1896 and is simply a clearing house for good literature. Periodicals and books are received, sorted and sent annually to schools, ranches, lumber camps, or any place where readers are found who are unable to supply themselves. We have no record of the amount sent out the first year, but naturally it was only a small beginning. Now we are crowded for space and send out annually over 7,000 monthly magazines, and the weeklies are too numerous to count.

Anyone looking into our room this week would get some idea of the extent and scope of this work. Boxes surround the room and magazines are everywhere. Packing is in progress and chaos seems to reign, but there is a system, even in the seeming disorder. Each box is being filled, with a definite object in view, for individual and community interests are studied as far as possible.

For instance, box No. 25 goes to a ranch forty miles from a railroad, where its contents will be used by all within reach. The *Atlantic* is their favorite magazine, and the busy little woman wrote that when she saw that her preference had been remembered, it took away the feeling of charity usually associated with such work and she felt that a friendly hand had been extended. So to the old soldiers are sent plenty of *Centuries, Harper's Weeklies,* etc. The chaplain writes that the "men enjoy them and often prefer reading them to attending church services."

Another box goes to a rural colored school of seventy-five pupils. They have no library, not even a dictionary, and only one map—that of South Carolina. A good atlas and the maps from an old Rand & McNally atlas will go to help in their work. Craig Colony, the New York home for epileptics, which is conducted on the cottage plan, is another of the interesting places where magazines are always needed.

We aim to reach as many readers as possible and we are aided in this by the willingness with which the

recipient of a box circulates the reading matter in the neighborhood and afterward often collects it and sends it farther on to do duty in another place. They certainly appreciate these books, for I heard of one instance where a journey of seventy-five miles was taken to get some of our magazines. We know no race or creed lines in this work. We try to help the ones who are trying to help themselves into a better and broader life.

This work depends wholly upon the generosity of its friends, but most of all upon the one who furnishes the free transportation. We could not, even as a church, afford to pay freight on the amount the railroads carry for us.

From our present dark, overcrowded, ill-ventilated room in the basement, we cast longing eyes toward the new Lincoln Centre, where we hope to have a room devoted entirely to this work.

E. P. W.

The Old Stand.

What to do with the present property occupied by All Souls Church is the question. The building committee must realize promptly the twenty thousand dollar asset counted upon in the subscription. The "business man" says, "Sell it. It is too valuable property to hold. If further land is needed for collateral institutions, buy cheaepr land on side lots." Those who believe that associations and traditions are valuable assets, that feelings and sympathies represent tangible stock in trade, are loath to see it go. They would like to keep and somehow use it for association's sake. The Dreamer in his dreams has seen a modern, up-to-date apartment house built thereon, planned for single rooms or small suites, for the benefit of a few of the unnumbered thousands of refined, intelligent, active young men and women, married or unmarried, for whom there is scant provision made in Chicago. There are elegant flats in desirable locations for those who can pay high prices. There are dreary quarters, slovenly constructed, or better ones far removed on the outer periphery of the city, for those who can pay but modest rents. The Dreamer would like to have this apartment house as sunny and sanitary as science can make it, and as simple as the requirements of refined taste and moderate purses demand. Miss Bartelme, the "State Guardian" for Chicago, who knows more, perhaps, about boys and their needs, good, striving, earnest boys, than any other person in Chicago, says there is a crying need for a "Boys' Inn" for the young men without homes who are still in the apprentice period of life, who can pay but small rents, but who need and would enjoy refining and refined privileges. The Dreamer has thought that the two upper stories of this tenement house might be set apart to such young men. The Dreamer further dreams that perhaps this tenement house might be called the "Thomas Lincoln Inn," in recognition of a too-much neglected and underestimated personality. He further believes that such a building would yield a sure and continuous income over and above the maintenance of its own benignant work to help along the Abraham Lincoln Centre activities. It is only a dream, but then, sometimes dreams come true.

But this is clearly "another story." It must not interfere with the main business of the building of the Lincoln Centre. If the dream should ever come true, it must be through a new organization and new contributors, or, may be, a new contribution. Here is a chance for an investment on high lines, one that will pays its 4 per cent. per annum in cash and its 100 per cent. in soul.

THE WELL FILLED SOCK.

There's a pleasure in the holly, and a joy 'neath mistletoe,
And an ecstasy in the Christmas tree with presents bending low,
But there's gladness—O there's gladness that the others seems to mock—
In the heaping, bulging aspect of the well filled sock!

They may sing of burning Yule logs or the pudding made of plum,
Or the maiden shy whose hose hangs by her little brother's drum,
But the key that, to my notion, will the gates of joy unlock
Has the bumpy, lumpy outline of the well filled sock.

May your heart be filled with rapture just as full as it can be,
May heaps of joy without alloy be showered on you, free,
And may, O may this blessing complete your joyful stock—
The goodness and the gladness of the well filled sock!

W. D. NESBIT.

Hints to Santa Claus.

All Souls Church Sunday-school is this year to do without Christmas trees, either as a home decoration or as a bearer of joy fruit into the seventeen or more homes of the less favored which it is the custom of the classes to provide for,—for this school accepts the principle that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." But while it spares the tree that it may still grow in the forest, it believes in the Christmas spirit and the Christmas stocking wisely packed. The Abraham Lincoln Centre will have its stocking in position when Christmas comes. Perhaps the following suggestions to Santa Claus may not be amiss:

1. Fifty thousand dollars for the installation and maintenance of the library.
2. Twenty-five thousand dollars for the installation and maintenance of the arts and crafts work among boys and girls.
3. Five to ten thousand dollars to establish an emergency closet and sustain a visiting nurse: a "Mother Bickerdike Room," if no better name is suggested.
4. A fund to finish and install a "Robert Browning Room": a seminar room in modern poetry, with the necessary reference books, pictures, and conveniences for small classes; larger ones are already provided for.
5. A similar provision for a Bible room, with a working reference library, not only for the Jewish and Christian scripture but for the sacred books of the world.
6. A similar provision for a room of Civics and Sociology.
7. Twenty-five thousand dollars for the installation and maintenance of the Domestic Science hall, a school in home-making, for various classess, on duty at all times.
8. A similar provision for the equipment of the gymnasium.
9. A general endowment of one hundred thousand dollars as a permanent maintenance fund that will keep this clearing house of the humanities, this sympathy shop, clean and warm from bottom to top all the year round, so that the men and women who would serve or seek service may occupy and work without hindrance.
10. Should Santa Claus still be fastidious and ask for further suggestions, there is space to the northward of the building for the erection of a bowling alley and swimming tank whenever the man with money sees his chance and avails himself of the gracious opportunity.
11. Should the foregoing appear too big, will Santa Claus please send us a hundred new annual members for the Congress of Religion ($5); ten or twenty life members ($25); a thousand new annual subscribers for UNITY ($2), or a twenty-five thousand dollar endowment fund for UNITY, a publication fund to make it perpetual.

Meanwhile we anticipate Santa Claus in bidding our readers A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Bequests.

A man should be ashamed to die rich.—Andrew Carnegie.

Pending the legal incorporation of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, a lawyer friend has drawn up the following form, which will adequately hold your good intention:

> I give and bequeath to All Souls Church, a corporation under the laws of Illinois, located at Chicago, the sum of.....dollars, to be used for the maintenance and support of Abraham Lincoln Centre, and the prosecution of the educational and charitable work therein conducted.

Educational Section.

Of the many departments in All Souls Church, one of the largest and most effective in the task of realizing its ideals, is the Educational Section. Its work is high in purpose and wide in scope. Through the Sunday-school, the Confirmation Class, the Mother's and the Men's Classes in Religion, are provided the ethical and spiritual training of its members, old and young. Through the Library and the Manual Training classes, the less favored boys and girls of the neighborhood receive the helpful influences so much needed to counteract the influences of the street. Through the Magazine Dispensary is established an endless chain of sympathy and good-will reaching out through the West and South, wherever there is a need for help. The study classes of the Unity Club, reaching across the barriers of class and creed, satisfy the intellectual needs and secure the interest of large numbers of men and women whose lives could not have been touched in other ways. For twenty-one years these classes have held their regular meetings and pursued their high quest for knowledge in the realms of poetry, fiction, science, philosophy and sociology. The aim of the study has always been to understand and interpret the great works, rather than to criticise. Such available helps as the stereopticon, art, music and lectures could furnish, have been used to aid in the search for truth. Mr. Jones always leads the classes, and brings to them the benefit of his years of experience and his constant study. There are at present four sections, the Browning, Emerson, Novel and Philosophy sections. The Browning class began its twenty-second season this year. It was the first class ever formed in Chicago for the popular study of Robert Browning's poetry. That it has not outlived its usefulness is proved by the facts that in its twentieth year, an enthusiastic class of about sixty members spent six months with "The Ring and the Book," and that this year, in addition to the evening class, Mr. Jones conducts a day class of eighty members.

There are always lovers of Emerson, so there is always an Emerson class, and each year adds to the number of people to whom his writings have been a comfort in times of sorrow, a kindling spark when the fires of hope and faith burned low in the heart, and an "aid to those who would live in the spirit." The Philosophy Section began nineteen years ago with a course of study extending over many years, on the bearings of the evolution theory upon morals and religion. John Fiske's Cosmic Philosophy and Destiny of Man, Herbert Spencer's Principles of Sociology, Data of Ethics, and Justice, Powell's Heredity from God, Laing's Modern Science and Modern Thought, and Shaler's The Interpretations of Nature were the books used as guides for this course. The class then took up current, civic and Sociological problems, and of late years has concerned itself much with our modern prophets, Tolstoy and Ruskin.

We have proved the success and the value of the work of this education with its numerous sub-sections, most of which will speak for themselves in this special number of UNITY. Much time, much thought, and much strength have been put into it. It has been made a sacred trust to those who shall come in the future, by the consecration of the life of one woman to its service. From the time the section began work until last Easter, when she laid down her earthly tasks to take up higher ones, Mrs. Leonard guided and directed the work, making it a success by her faithfulness and devotion. The new building brings new opportunities, better facilities and widening scope. It calls for more workers, more devotion and more faithfulness of the same kind which has made it so efficient in the past.

B. M. H.

Missionary Section.

The newer members of our congregation frequently ask what the Missionary Section stands for, and to those and others interested we answer: First, we do not confuse our work with the *charity* work of the church. We have gone back to the original idea of a mission which was to "labor for a faith which had no indigenous organization," and thinking to obtain an expression of opinion concerning the value of our work from persons whom we knew to be "comers-out," we addressed a number of letters to them not long since, asking them to tell us what All Souls Church meant to them. Space does not permit of quotations from these letters, but the dominant note running through all of the replies was, that in this church they were free to believe what their educated consciences dictated, and that they had learned through the teachings of the church greater toleration for the views of others.

The work of this church in the missionary field cannot be carried on alone. It can only be done through combined effort. It would be wasteful and unscientific not to make use of organizations for this purpose, and the Missionary section is obliged to raise the funds for this work.

The first organization toward which we contribute is the Central Howard Association, a society formed for the purpose of giving aid to prisoners who have been released and who need to be put on their feet. This dates back to Judge Jameson, who was a member of our congregation and first president of the Howard Association.

We also contribute to the Salvation Army because we wish to keep in touch with this work, as it is doing something which we cannot do and we believe it to be a great work in the line of the evolution of right living.

We subscribe to the Post Office Mission, which sends our liberal literature to those who ask for it. We remember annually the American Unitarian Association. It was this organization which first helped us to build our church, and, although when we found that the limitations of the name made it impossible for us to remain with them, we paid back the sum which we had received, we still have a kindly feeling for them, and, recognizing them as representing the most undogmatic and progressive of the denominations, we wish to retain our fellowship with them. Still closer are the associations that bind us to the Western Unitarian Conference, to which we continue to offer our mite.

Our largest contribution goes to the support of the Congress of Religion. This Congress is the outgrowth of the Parliament of Religions. Mr. Jones has been its general secretary since its beginning, and it stands for the same thing that All Souls Church stands for. Its object is to bring together the orthodox and heterodox and find a common meeting-place which shall be broader and command a better view than one sect alone. This Congress has met in various parts of the country. With few exceptions it has been cordially received and has always left a liberalizing influence in the community.

UNITY is another means by which the work of this church is extended, and it should be supported. It preserves in permanent form many of our pastor's sermons and gives him access to that larger congregation which has contributed to the building up of Lincoln Centre. UNITY is as necessary to Lincoln Centre as the advertisements of the down-town stores are to the maintenance of their trade.

All of these agencies represent the organs through which a large part of the work of this church is accom-

plished and without which it would fail of its ultimate purpose—that of reaching the isolated and the unchurched with an all-inclusive fellowship.

J. E. S.

Helen Heath Settlement.

The inception of the Helen Heath Settlement was in the severe winter of 1893-4, following the World's Fair. During that winter Dr. Helen Heath rendered valuable assistance to the Chicago Relief and Aid Society in dispensing its benefactions to hundreds of suffering families among the foreign population centering at Wall street and Thirty-second. A building was planned and steps taken toward its erection, but Helen Heath did not live to see the dream fulfilled. Her sudden death, however, in January, 1895, only served to give the work new impetus. In the following November, a two-story-and-basement building, erected by All Souls Church at a cost of $4,000, was ready for occupation.

The building contained a kindergarten hall on the first floor which was available for other public meetings when not in use by the kindergarten, and a flat on the second floor for the residents. It was fittingly named the Helen Heath Settlement.

The first residents were Mr. A. J. Heath and Dr. Lorinda Brown, the husband and sister-in-law of Helen Heath. A kindergarten and other activities were immediately organized. Dr. Brown and Mr. Heath gave three years of loyal service, at the end of which time decreasing strength and increasing burdens compelled them to yield the work into other hands. It is now in charge of Mrs. Marion Perkins as Head Resident.

An interesting addition was made to the Settlement activities during the first year, when Miss Elma Graves took up her residence in a neighboring flat for the purpose of providing a home for such workers as should desire to live in the neighborhood. And among these workers was Miss Mary Leavens, who interested herself in the vagrant children of the community, thus anticipating the truancy legislation of the city.

The regular services of the Settlement now comprise a Kindergarten, a Woman's Club, which meets semi-monthly, with an average of about twenty-five attendants, a Sewing School, now numbering eighty-six children, a Monthly Social, a Sunday Afternoon Concert, a Penny Savings Bank, a Library and several Boys' and Girls' Clubs and Manual Training Classes.

In the fall of 1902 our strength was greatly increased by the addition of Miss Ottilie Reissenweber to our force. Since then we have been able to command the whole of Miss Reissenweber's time, and her efficient work in boys' and girls' clubs, sewing classes and other activities, has been a strong element in our success.

The Library consists of about seven hundred and fifty choice volumes, three hundred and fifty of which were given as a nucleus by the University Settlement, thus making the Library possible. It is open once a week for the loaning of books, and circulates from sixty to one hundred and thirty volumes weekly, principally among children and young people. We consider the Library and Manual Training Classes among the most effectual means of reaching the community.

The residents of the Helen Heath Settlement aim to make the most of the democratic idea as a social force. We desire to minimize the institutional elements and emphasize the spirit of neighborly helpfulness. In all social intercourse with the residents of the community, it is our aim to maintain the "level bridge," and live among our Halsted street friends like neighbors among neighbors.

M. H. P.

A Church in Search of a Home—A Retrospect.

In Vincennes Hall on the morning of November 4, 1882, Mr. Jones preached his first sermon, "The Ideal Church," to a handful of people, the nucleus of the present All Souls Church.

Under head of "Things Sought For," in the first year book, were the following significant items: *First*, "A church home of our own," and *second*, "An increasing of our regular revenue to the point that would justify the preacher in concentrating his energies upon this movement"; for Mr. Jones was still secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, and we paid him for his services only what was left after all other expenses were paid. And so, encouraged by this doctrine of contrarieties, of which Mr. Jones is so fond, namely, that the hardest thing to do is the easiest, we set about getting money to purchase a building lot, not without some misgivings, which, it is fair to say, were never shared by our pastor.

We canvassed thoroughly, north, south, east and west. One hundred and sixty-six subscribers contributed over $5,000, in sums ranging from $1.75, the price of one square foot, to $1,000. The plan of contributing the price of one square foot enabled many of the Sunday-school children, and others whose contributions were necessarily small, to join their interests with all.

We then began looking for a site. Finally it was settled that we would purchase forty feet on the corner we now occupy. Our cup of joy was filled when the American Unitarian Association, in order to give us more adequate room, purchased twenty feet adjoining, securing to us the right of possession as long as the building thereon was used as a Unitarian Church, with the further proviso that the Society might at any time purchase the lot for the purchase price, plus 4 per cent. interest from the time the lot was thus used. Then we called upon our friends to rejoice with us.

In the May of 1885 we had outgrown our seating capacity, which was probably about a hundred, and we left Vincennes Hall and moved to Oakwood Hall. Through Mr. Jones and his friends was collected the money for the Church building, largely through the help of UNITY, the indispensable ally of All Souls Church. The list showed names all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from nearly every state in the Union. It embraced all creeds and no creeds, all ages and colors. The sum reached more than $10,000, and the readers of UNITY generously contributed more than one-half of the whole, in memory of which the word UNITY and its motto, Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion, are engraved upon our church parlor mantel. After much argument for and against, it was decided to build a combination church and parsonage, the wisdom of which has been fully justified.

Early one dull April morning, a few of us stood on the corner of our present site to watch the first shovelsfull of earth taken up, which would be an earnest of our building. To none of us was granted a vision of Lincoln Centre on the opposite corner, and we separated and went our ways, hoping for nothing better than that we there might end our days. The church building was superintended by the whole parish. The contractor was reported to have said, "Some one was always present to challenge everything not right, even to the driving of a nail."

This was a year of home building, and on the 12th of September, 1885, we occupied our church for the first time. It more than exceeded our expectations, so cozy and homelike we found it. On the 12th day of

October occurred the dedicatory ceremonies. One of our number wrote the dedication hymn and our pastor the service, which was read responsively by the congregation. The church was then turned over to the Society free from debt, the furnishings of the parlor and basement being secured afterward through the efforts of the women of the church. And so ends the story of All Souls in search of a Home. But I would add one word in behalf of this constantly waning band of charter members, to those who are to be our successors: If there is a debt, pay it forward to the world and not back, and find your encouragement in the truth that the future holds more inspiration than the past. F. B.

Social Section.

If we allowed our readers to enter into the inner circle and to overhear the discussions therein, they would promptly discover that, in the estimation of the friends of All Souls Church themselves, the "social problem" is still unsolved. They would over-hear the usual complaints of a non-calling pastor, of strangers coming and going, missing the recognition or the welcome they looked for, regular attendants uncalled for, sick friends overlooked or neglected. All of these shortcomings and mistakes are confessed. They are incident to the busy life of a great city. Perhaps in proportion as the church is attending to its main business, in that proportion will these lapses occur. Notwithstanding these criticisms, the church has justified, to a degree, the motto that always meets the incomer at the door, "Here let no man be stranger!" Thousands of people have come and gone during these twenty-one years, who have enjoyed a home feeling. Furthermore, employer and employee, catholic, orthodox and heterodox, Christian and Jew, black and white, old and young, have happily entered into its privileges and shared in its activities.

At the present time, six or more classes a week represent a social communion as well as an intellectual and ethical exercise. Every Tuesday, from thirty to sixty women lunch together midway between their morning study and their afternoon work. On Thanksgiving Day a family dinner is always prepared for those who have no nearer home circle. This year upwards of eighty sat down to the common table. There is an annual merry-making and New Year's reception, the June day in the woods, and the Annual Meeting where some three hundred sit down and break bread together. Six years ago a commission of sixteen ladies of the church was appointed to report upon the social problem. After some months of deliberation a declaration of the "usages and principles evolved out of the necessities of the church life" was published, which we here reproduce, believing that the deliberations of this commission may prove suggestive to workers elsewhere who are coming more and more to feel that the church is something more than a social set and that its mission is not to conduct "functions" or to expedite acquaintanceship on superficial lines, or to promote social gossip.

I. We believe that the ordinary "parish visit" is oftentimes perfunctory, inopportune and undesired.

II. We believe that the pastor who, during the year, as ours did, according to the last year-book, conducts Sunday services in the morning, and much of the time in the evening, twenty-two teachers' meetings, twenty sessions of confirmation classes, seventy sessions of Unity Club meetings, attends the executive meetings of the church, solemnizes marriages, attends funerals, is an active member of several conferences, spreads our faith by preaching in twenty-four different places, covering a good portion of the United States, edits a weekly church paper, is better employed and does more for the individuals of this church than he could do by mere social visiting.

III. We believe, furthermore, that the people who co-operate with thir pastor in all of the activities of the church and are represented in nearly all of the charitable and educational institutions of the city, have little time for merely social visits.

IV. More than this, we believe that our church exists for moral and spiritual training, rather than for social purposes, and, believing this, we feel that it becomes as much our duty to protest against merely conventional social methods as to protest against the conventional in matters of faith.

V. While believing all of this, we recognize the desirability of that personal acquaintance which can only come through social intercourse by which one's needs may become known, one's abilities recognized, and where real friendships may be formed.

VI. Therefore it is the effort of this society to make our church a real home, where each one is a guest, and every one a host or hostess.

VII. With this idea of a church-home it becomes as much the duty of the newcomer to make himself known as for the older member to give him a welcome. We ask them to come part of the way and we will meet them more than half way.

As the social life of this church centers around its activities, those who wish to become acquainted will best do so by engaging in the work of some section of the church or the Unity Club in which they are especially interested. By so doing they will meet others of similar tastes and unity of purpose, thus making pleasanter friends and acquaintances than could ever result from the conventional duty-calls of society.

VIII. We do not deem it advisable to recommend any system of social visiting in the interests of the church, since the pastor rightly regards the whole church as a committee, each member of which he is at liberty to call upon to second him or to stand in his place in doing pastoral work.

The Sunday-School.

"The world is saved by the breath of the school children." Twenty-one years ago the Sunday-school of All Souls Church chose the above from the Talmud as its motto for the year. With this inclusive thought in mind the work has been carried on with no lowering of high standards or unworthy methods. The little band of children has had the best thought of the leader and the consecration of the teachers.

The subject matter used has varied. The first years were devoted to Bible subjects, among them being "Childhood and Maturity of Israel," "Primitive Christianity," and "Literary Studies of the Old Testament." Always working for a sympathetic feeling toward other religions, in 1888 a course on "Seven Great Religious Teachers of the World," by Mr. Jones, was used. In the annual of that year this was said to have "proved a pleasant and profitable study, laying an excellent foundation for the further study of comparative religions which came two years later."

Believing that the greatest good can be accomplished along logical and pedagogical lines in religious and ethical training, as well as in day school, Mr. Jones and others in 1889 formulated the "Six Years Course in Religion," which afterward grew to seven years. This course of study briefly outlined is as follows:

First Year: Beginnings—The Legend and the True Story. Second Year: The Religions of the Older World. Third Year: The Growth of the Hebrew Religion. Fourth Year: The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha. Fifth Year: The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. Sixth Year: The Growth of Christianity. Seventh Year: The Flowering of Christianity.

This cycle of study has been completed twice, and now in 1903 we begin it for the third time. It is needless to say that the best efforts of modern scholarship are brought to bear on all these topics and the children have the benefit of the best scientific and literary thought. Scholarship and science, however, are only good as they serve to develop a deeply religious, ethical and moral attitude. It is with this end in mind that all of the work is done.

In connection with the Sunday-school, Mr. Jones

has always conducted a normal class in religion. In the beginning it was held in the evening. About six years ago a class in the morning for teachers, mothers and whoever cared to come, was organized. The teachers in the Sunday-school were drawn from this class, and, while an absent teacher was a rarity, the force was entirely feminine. This year, in order to bring a masculine element into the work, an evening class for men has been resumed and we feel the addition of masculine element in our teaching force.

Mr. Jones has always been the leader of the Sunday-school, conducting the opening service, which in recent years has been an oral exercise on the part of the school. This year we open with a selection from Emerson's "Problem," recited responsively; next we give the Ten Commandments together, after a chant we say the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians responsively, another chant follows, Mr. Jones leads in prayer, and the Sunday-school joins in saying the Lord's Prayer. A sense of awe and reverence is sought persistently.

The children have, from time to time, saved their pennies in jugs, which they have broken at stated times. times. Once they brought eighty-one dollars to help pay for the present church lot, and then again one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the furnishing fund of the present church. A year and a half ago one hundred dollars was collected from their jugs on Easter morning to go toward the building fund of Lincoln Centre. Who can measure the good of these pennies?

The social festivities have consisted of sleigh rides, the annual Christmas party and the picnic in June. The Christmas party has been the delight of the children. Here each class has prepared a tree for a family that cannot afford the Christmas merry-making. The trees have been trimmed at the church by the children and taken next day to the homes of those less fortunate. This year we have decided to abolish the trees, as we can no longer use them with clear consciences. The denuding of the forests and the obliterating of the pines must not be helped on by All Souls Sunday-school. We shall have our party, the gifts will be brought for those who could not otherwise have them, the church will be bright and pretty; and we shall have the true Christmas spirit, good will and peace on earth to man and living things.

Many things have been done in our limited quarters and we work on against all obstacles, yet much remains to be done. We are waiting for our building across the way where we may have Sunday-school rooms, enjoy the quiet of separate class rooms, a bright and cheerful assembly room and a place where we may have the use of the stereopticon at a moment's notice, exhibitions of pictures whenever needed to supplement our work, and a photographic room where reproductions of famous pictures may be made.

In view of what has been done, with the same motive power and better accommodations, we may confidently say with Browning that "the best is yet to be." H. Z.

In Memoriam—All Souls Church, 1882-1903.

To some of the older members of All Souls Church, who with glad eyes and thankful hearts watch the walls of Lincoln Centre rising day by day from their solid foundations, comes the memory of other days when this, our dear Church Home for seventeen years, was being builded. Those were days of generous sacrifice, close fellowship, cheerful service and great enthusiasm. For All Souls Church meant then just what the Lincoln Centre means now—a roof-tree under which to work towards our ideals, a place where men and women might think and speak their truest thoughts, spell out together the hard problems of life, find strength in weakness, brave cheer in the face of discouragement, and help as best they might their day and generation. It was a spiritual need which called the first walls into being; it is a spiritual force which is once more consecrating wealth and effort to the service of humanity. Only now that experiment has passed into experience, the foot may tread firmer as it presses onward and the voice declare without faltering how well worth while it has all been.

I have said that All Souls Church was a place where men and women might learn to help as best they could their day and generation. "Our finest hope is finest memory," sang George Eliot, and this Lincoln Centre number of UNITY, in which we bank on the past as a warrant for our hopes for the future would hardly be complete without a word of mention of some of those valiant helpers.

> "The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
> Who walk with us no more."

Fathers Barber and Whiting, of the cheerful face and hearty hand-grasp, who literally lived around the church while it was being built and took a hand with the carpenters to hasten along the work,—what member who was "new" in '86 can ever forget the Sunday morning greeting which they gave? It seemed a part of the service. Horatio Pratt, one of the first trustees, who all too soon was called to give up his stewardship. Mrs. C. E. Weber, whom the children so missed when she came no more to her Sunday-school class. Mr. F. D. Patterson and E. C. Spinney, our faithful trustee and treasurer. Mrs. J. M. Ware, who with kindly word and never failing tact, made the early social gatherings homelike. Judge John A. Jameson, who, while he honored the law which made him condemn the prisoner, reached out his hand to help make a man of him once more. Professor and Mrs. E. S. Bastin, our gifted helpers in the study classes. Meri Toppelius, who began a work with the boys in the Manual Training Department which is today bearing fruit and the end is not yet. Mrs. M. B. Jarvis, whose face shone with the inner light by which she lived. Dr. Helen Heath, who found in the ministrations of this church her strength to minister to the poor and needy and who literally died pleading their cause. Mrs. Mary A. S. Osgood, the ever ready helper of all good works and prophetic causes whose right hand knew not what the left hand did. Mrs. W. D. S. Anderson, who hid the sharp pain with the smiling face, she of the ready jest and the tender heart. Mrs. I. Price Fell, the founder of the Magazine Dispensary, which was taken up by other faithful hands when she laid it down, and is an ever increasing influence for good. Mrs. W. G. Stevens, who, with her good horse "Meg," gathered the magazines from all directions. "Meg" may have tired, but she never did. Mrs. Mary E. Martin, our ardent Woman Suffragist, who for seventy-nine years kept the childlike heart full of love and good will to all mankind. Mrs. S. J. Darrow, who was young when she left us, though close to the nineties. C. C. Fowler, our carpenter saint, whose daily life showed his kinship to the Man of Nazareth. Ellen T. Leonard, who, as memory calls the roll, moves softly among them all, picking up the dropped stitches, loving, serving, giving herself through all the years.

Truly a brave company, reinforced by many more who have lived "faithfully a hidden life," making beautiful the structure which the soul's eye must ever see rising fair and stately beside the building of brick and mortar.

In the twenty-one years which have passed since the little handful of people gathered in the bare room in Vincennes Hall where All Souls Church began, if dates and places can be set for such beginnings, we have gathered many times to celebrate the home-going of those who have borne with them ripened sheaves,

and we have seen the precious buds of promise gathered in spring-time. No need to speak these names, for each heart knoweth its own, neither can we measure the value of a life by length of days; for it is still the "little child that leads." But standing for a moment midway, as it were, between the old and the new and looking backward, our faith is re-established in the fundamental verities, in the ideal which beckoned All Souls Church in the past and which nerves it in this year of its majority to undertake more heroic tasks in the future, realizing that its strength can only come from the quality of its soul investment, that the prophet's word and the poet's song outlast civilizations and that its primal quest is ever the kingdom of God on earth, its highest effort to hasten its coming.

"Into the ways of the days that are done, O God, have we woven the woof of our being.
Disheartened, unthinking, we say that the days that are done, are done.
Father of days, in whose hand all days are at hand, with Thy tools have we toiled all Thy days that are done.
In the gladness of hope, in the sadness of death, have we sought for Thy truth in the days that are done.
On the stones of the past have we builded our stent of the stairway that leadeth to Thee.
The mortar is mixed with our tears; uneven the stones and ill-fitted, scarred by faulty strokes of the chisel, but grand is the structure Thou buildest through us, out of our days that are done."

E. L.

The Novel Section.

For twenty consecutive years the Novel Section of All Souls Church has offered to its members a series of studies in the world's best fiction. This class, perhaps more than any other branch of our literary work, reaches out into the neighborhoood, gathering in folk of all sorts of religious affiliations and offering attractions to all ages and all grades of literary acquirement, bringing them together as simple students who, many times, discover in this week-night study unsuspected sacredness in much so-called secular literature and the divinity of many common, every-day, human interests.

The subjects of study are carefully selected and the details of the program worked out with much thought and deliberation, and it naturally follows that a review of the books studied will show that they represent the cream of workable material in English fiction. That is a rather large claim to make, but read the list and remember that each book represents a whole winter's work, with the many helps graciously furnished by our great University, by neighboring preachers, teachers and experts of all classes, and the claim will hardly seem exaggerated.

The earliest program preserved in type is that of George Eliot's "Romola," and it has been followed in consecutive years by "Les Miserables," Hugo; "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens; "Felix Holt," Eliot; "King Lear," Shakespeare; "Marble Faun," Hawthorne; "Nathan the Wise," Lessing; "Daniel Deronda," Eliot; "Hypatia," Kingsley; "Cymbeline," Shakespeare; "Uarda," Ebers; "Last Days of Pompeii," Bulwer; "Middlemarch," Eliot; "Henry Esmond," Thackeray; "The Odyssey," Homer; "Adam Bede," Eliot; "The Lancastrian Tetrology" ("King Henry IV.," "King Henry V." and "Merry Wives of Windsor"), Shakespeare; "Mill on the Floss," Eliot; "Notre Dame," Hugo; "Ninety-Three," Hugo; "War and Peace," Tolstoy; "Ideal Politics," Plato; "City of God," St. Augustine; "De Monarchia," Dante; "Utopia," Sir Thomas More; "News from Nowhere," William Morris; the Sociology in Dickens' novels, "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit" and "Oliver Twist."

Many of these studies have been emphasized and illuminated by timely lectures, concerts, stereopticon views, etc., and most seasons have closed with a costumed pageant, tableaux, or a reading of the drama in course of study, and, in one instance, with a beautiful representation of Ebers' Egyptian novel, "Uarda," very cleverly dramatized by one of our own number and beautifully costumed and acted by others.

Our methods are so simple as scarcely to deserve the name of methods. We have no constitution, no by-laws, no "resolving," no use of official titles, no parliamentary rules, no red tape of any kind.

We try to meet promptly, once in two weeks, we take off our hats and coats (gentlemen and ladies) and settle down for an evening of broad-minded, alert, sympathetic give-and-take in the spirit, as George Eliot puts it, as typified by the outspread arm and the open hand, rather than the folded arm and the closed fist. Probably an actual roll call would develop the fact that nine-tenths of our number are hard-working business people, making strenuous use of their brains all day, who have found by experience that really helpful rest consists not in the total cessation, but in the change of mental activity.

A very valuable feature of our class work is the reading list which is issued each summer in anticipation of the coming season's study.

Our leader, Mr. Jones, has a way of saying some crisp things about books, which, after years of repetition, become classic; for instance, "A book that is worth reading at all, is worth reading many times," and, reversely, "A book which is not worth reading twice or thrice or more is not worth reading once." And again, "A book which is worth reading is worth owning"—so "Buy books, but not many, only such as you must have and cannot get along without. Of course you must own the book used for class study. Do not scatter your energies by reading about the book or its author; read *into* it thoroughly and for side reading buy, perhaps, one good volume from among the many which will press upon you."

The writer hereof knows of a collection of volumes gradually accumulated during the last twenty years, not many more than a hundred in number, which the owner keeps in the coziest corner of her coziest room. Every book in that corner carries with it memories of a delightful winter in the Unity Club; many of them have pasted inside their covers the printed program for the season, and every one bears all sorts of pencil notations and is there because it was absolutely needed to fill a real want in the life of the owner. Outside of this collection she possesses what would be generally considered rather a nice library, including all sorts of reference books, the poets, sets of novels, etc., but that special little bunch of much-handled books has a particular value in her eyes and she has careful arrangements made by which, in case of fire, that choice compartment is to be saved, even if she has to sacrifice all her clothes and money. She also acknowledges that the thorough, deliberate way of handling the works under consideration in our classes has taught her the gracious art of reading and digesting books, instead of swallowing them whole, as is the manner of the Chicago business man or woman who absorbs everything, from lunch to literature, on the jump.

Of course the Novel Section is looking forward to the larger hospitalities of the Lincoln Centre. Is there not some unique way in which that section can put into permanent form in the new building an acknowledgment of its debt to the great authors who have in the past twenty years become near and dear friends—George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, William Shakespeare and a dozen others? These names mean more than passing entertainment, they mean more than culture in its popular sense; they mean, to scores who have become closely acquainted with them, companionship, recreation in its best sense, strengthened nerves and heightened ideals; in short—character.

Among our wideawake folks are there not some

who will be blest with happy inspirations some day and present to our class some concrete ideas as to the best way for it, as a class, or as part of the whole, to put itself on record in this regard?

One who has followed the fortunes of this little body in the past twenty years, beginning away back in Mrs. Jones' cozy parlor on Thirty-seventh street with a handful of enthusiastic students, and ending with the splendid company numbering about one hundred and twenty-five who met the Monday night preceding this writing to do honor to Charles Dickens and cull a lesson in sociology from his "Hard Times," knows that the Novel Section stands as a permanent factor in the life of this big city, and that its influence for righteousness and purity will be constantly felt and increasingly realized wherever it may be housed, whether in the rather stuffy rooms of the dear little building on the southeast corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue or in the more spacious and, we hope, better ventilated apartments across the way, on the northeast corner, in the building which is rapidly becoming the realized dream of a fitting memorial to the great Abraham Lincoln. A. L. K.

All Souls Library.

The sources of great rivers are too small to find a place on the map, and the beginnings of many important events go unrecorded. I will not press the analogy, but the initial steps of All Souls Library are scarcely mentioned, even in the annual report of All Souls Church. I have it, however, on the authority of tradition, that about a hundred books were donated to the Sunday-school in the year 1884. Its activities seem for some time to have been administered in and around a small cupboard which occupied a corner of Vincennes Hall, at 3514 Vincennes avenue, where a little band of thirty persons held their first church service on the first Sunday in November, 1882, then as now under the leadership of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In 1886 the little band, then increased to more than a hundred families, moved into their own new church home on the corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue, where they still remain for want of the more adequate accommodations which they hope to occupy before many months on the now vacant lot across the way.

After this removal of the little library in 1886 we find a blank space of more than a year, concerning which both history and tradition are for the most part silent. But in the All Souls Annual for 1887 I find the following record:

"Since moving into the new church, the Sunday-school Library, which consists of about a hundred volumes, has not been available for want of adequate book-shelves. It is hoped that when the library room is put in order, it will be to contain a Parish Library of wider range, both as to contents and readers, than the conventional Sunday-school Library, and that the room will be accessible as a reading-room and study resort during the week."

Again until midsummer of 1888 there is no record of activities, but the library was only awaiting its opportunity. In July, 1888, the Library Association of All Souls Church was born. In the Church Annual of that year I find the following prospectus:

"This is the newest and seems to be one of the most promising branches of the Educational Section of the Church. Unlike many church activities, it seeks to scatter its favors through seven days and seven evenings in the week. This is especially the avenue through which we hope to do something of the world's work lying at our threshold."

By the end of that year the association numbered forty-four patron members, many of whom were not members of the church. Each member paid an annual fee of $5. By means of this fee and other subscriptions and donations, the library and reading room were furnished with the necessary equipment of shelves, tables, etc., and the rooms were formally opened with a parish social on the first day of December. From a report read at this meeting and subsequently preserved in the annual, we learn that fifty of the original one hundred Sunday-school books were considered valuable enough to be retained in the new library. Thirty-four were contributed by the American Unitarian Association, and others were given by friends of the enterprise, making 507 volumes in all. The library was cared for by the voluntary labor of the members. At that time it seemed necessary to charge a small fee of ten cents a month, or a dollar a year, for the privilege of drawing books. During the three years of its existence the association held monthly meetings over a cup of coffee and two doughnuts apiece for a nickel, at which the workers reported the work done and the discouragements and encouragements under which they worked. They met always on a Tuesday, and the enthusiasm of that little band of members, most of whom were women, is a thing delightful to remember. Those were pioneer days in All Souls Church, and, like all pioneering, they had their own peculiar sacrifices and rewards, though it is far from me to say that the present does not yield both in as rich a measure. But then, a hundred years from now we ourselves were pioneers—away back in the early 1900's.

The scope of our library widened. In 1890 the Unity Club, through its Lend-a-hand Section, assumed charge of all the non-sectarian activities of the church, including the library, which was then made entirely free and started on its broader mission, that of a neighborhood library which should invite and welcome readers of all classes and denominations. It is only fair to say that the broader plan had existed from the beginnning in the mind of Mr. Jones. He was only biding his time and working while he bided.

In 1893 the important step was taken of employing a paid librarian, and Miss Delia Dickson was engaged to fill the place. In the summer of 1894 the library was rearranged and classified according to the Dewey System by Miss Irene Warren of Armour Institute, and Miss Vida Clements was engaged as librarian. This post she continued to fill until her marriage in February, 1899, when the present librarian was placed in charge.

During the past year All Souls Library was open for the circulation of books 299 times; 2,599 books were loaned, making an average of 9 a day, and 349 different readers were served. While the number of books circulated has diminished slightly as our well-thumbed volumes have become an old story to our older constituency, still the fact that so large a number continue to use our little collection while the vast resources of the Chicago Public Library are available at the branch station a block away, seems to us sufficient reason for encouragement and a new lease of life.

But the best of our work is not in the circulating department. We have greater interests than in supplying books to women or men who want simply a fresh novel to while away the time, although we are willing to do this if by so doing we can offer a good novel in lieu of a poor one. Our shelf of reference books is so small that it is almost done before it is begun, yet not a few children of the neighborhood have already learned to drop in here on their way home from school to see what they can find to help out on the lessons of the next day. And if they too often go away with their questions unanswered and so become discouraged and try it no more, it none the less points to a sphere of possible usefulness had we the facilities for meeting the need.

This is a little of our past. This is what we have been able to do with a few hundred books, mostly cast-offs from the shelves of our friends when their usefulness at home is over, administered by a librarian who could give only the fag ends of long and busy days.

In the building across the street we are assured of generous space and a flood of cheerful sunlight, two essentials for a library. We ask but little more. We want a reading room stocked with a few hundred easy, popular, but full and accurate dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases, reference histories and other reference books on all the subjects in which young people are concerned, not forgetting some practical and enlightening works on basketry, photography and other popular arts and crafts, and a shelf of the best magazines. The room should be simply but tastefully furnished, its walls hung with such pictures as appeal to the eye and the imagination. In these days no up-to-date library can be built without a cozy room for loud reading, story-telling and conversation about books, and so the Lincoln Centre will assuredly provide such a room. Clean books must be handled with clean hands, and so there must be a lavatory with scrubbing accommodations for removing the grime of toil and play.

The circulating department will take care of itself. We will trust the empty shelves to bring books to supply the needs. The place must be more attractive than the street, for we have to compete with the saloons and bowling alleys of the levee district centering on 39th street and Cottage Grove avenue. Even now we frequently catch "escapes" from this region for a few weeks, but when they have read the very few books we possess which are adapted to their stage of development, and have discovered all our limitations—and it doesn't take long to do that—back they go to their old friends and old haunts on the way to—where? It is little enough we have done here, but we have seen loud, unmannerly, disrespectful boys and girls grow quiet, polite and gentle as they came to know and appreciate the meager privileges of this place. I recall one boy, a leader of boys, who came with his "gang," plainly to see what chances they could unearth for disturbance and mischief, but who learned in a few days to remove his hat, lower his voice and say a respectful "thank you" for his book. It was one of the many disappointments of its kind when we lost that boy because he had read us through. For in a few years he will be a leader of men, no doubt, and we might have changed his direction a little, and with him, who knows, that of how many others?

There are many, many things we hope to do when the opportunity is ripe. We want to help readers who need assistance in selecting their books. We want to serve a constituency which our great and beneficent public library for one reason or another fails to reach. We want to introduce home libraries into homes where good books are seldom known, and we cherish the hope that in our new suite of attractive rooms, with a librarian who can give her undivided time to the work, with perhaps volunteer assistants enabling us to keep open evenings, Sundays and holidays, we may find the opportunity to reach a large number of boys and girls and help them to become the men and women they ought to be, the men and women whom the twentieth century is calling to its work and to its reward.

E. H. W.

The Manual Training.

The Manual Training Club is eleven years old. At the outset Mr. F. P. Bagley furnished the equipment and Miss Meri Toppelius, of blessed memory, organized the work. It was the desire of Miss Toppelius not only to have classes for the children of the neighborhood, but to offer, also, a course for the training of teachers in woodwork, a course modeled after the Swedish Sloyd System, but modified and arranged to meet the demands of American children from six to sixteen years of age. The death of Miss Toppelius prevented the realization of her plans. This was most unfortunate, for it was difficult to find leaders with her breadth of view and training.

In a survey of the history of the club, one significant fact becomes apparent, namely, that the club has been kept in existence by its own vitality, not by outside encouragement. Until recently, there was practically little interest in the club except on the part of the church officers especially concerned. An occasional gift of five or ten dollars from an interested friend and a chest and some tools from Mr. C. C. Fowler are the only donations received by the club since Mr. Bagley's original gift, until the last two years, during which time Mr. Sumner Sollitt has generously provided lumber and equipped the room with new benches. The cost for running the club, including instruction and general expenses, has never exceeded sixty dollars a year, and has usually fallen considerably below that amount. It is not, then, because money or interest has been lavished on the club that it is still in existence. It lives from within. It has an irrepressible vitality because it meets a genuine need. Possibly its slow growth under hampering conditions has been even an advantage. It has been schooled and disciplined into a readiness for larger responsibilities.

The membership of the club has been from the beginning one of peculiar interest. If the biographies of the boys who have passed in and out of the manual training room in the basement these eleven years could be spread before us, it would be unfair to them, a breach of confidence, perhaps, on the part of the teacher, but it would certainly be illuminating. The age of the members has ranged from eight to nineteen, though, by a recent ruling of the club, none under eleven are now admitted. Of these boys, all except the very young ones, with now and then an exception among the older ones, are entirely self-supporting, or are aiding in the support of their familiies. Most of these boys have been through at least the fifth grade in school, some of them have completed the grammar school work, and occasionally there is one from the high school. But even those who go to school are in most cases wage-earners before and after school hours. The club is, then, made up of first-class material, boys who must make their way in this world, and who have some genuine ambition and hope for the future. The membership of the club is, necessarily, limited to twenty, but there is always a waiting list from which the club could, at any time, be nearly doubled.

So far as wood-working is concerned, two results are, in varying degrees, attained by members of the club. One is skill in the use of tools, and the other is the production of articles desired by the boys for themselves, or of value in their homes. Book-cases, tables, ironing-boards, bread-boards, tools, picture frames, flower boxes, desks, tabourettes, cabinets, bob-sleds, games, platforms for punching bags, etc., are among the articles made during the last two years. The work of the boys has, in fact, added much to the comfort and convenience of many of the homes in the neighborhood. So far none of the boys have been long enough in the club—and it must be remembered that we meet but once a week—to acquire really expert skill, but some of those most advanced are just about ready to do capital work, and the rank and file have average skill.

In organization the club is a pure democracy. The instructor is not even a voting member, but ranks merely as an honorary member and as a member of the advisory committee. The officers of the club, a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, custodian and two janitors, are elected each year by the club. These offices constitute the advisory committee, which selects new members from the waiting list, determines upon the dues, and takes up, in fact, all questions relative to the management of the club. Under this scheme of self-government, the club has evolved from

a haphazard, motley, and rather helpless group of individuals into a well-organized club, with power of initiative and self-direction, and capable of taking responsibility for themselves and others. This side of the club life is certainly not inferior in value to any of its work, for it is a direct training in good citizenship. The care, the earnestness, the eagerness, and, in most cases, the fairness and good sense with which club matters are discussed when the management is left, not in name only but in reality, in the hands of the boys, is one of the most hopeful and significant indications of its permanent value.

And now for the future! I believe that the club, just as it is now, is ready for a big future. Its past is right, its attitude is right, its ambition is right. It has earned a chance to develop. I doubt if plans for any portion of the new Lincoln Centre are as compelling of the best thought and liveliest interest of the committee in charge as are the plans for manual training as discussed by the boys' advisory committee. Their anticipation is so keen that the future possibility is almost to them a present reality. When they saw the blue-print plans, it was almost as if they were walking into the doors of the new building. They are conscious proprietors in the new structure. They feel, as it were, as if the weight and strength of their interest would compel things to be fashioned to their liking.

And what do we wish? What do we foresee? Definitely, in the first place, we do forsee an admirably equipped manual training room. What should it be like? We know that we have an abundant, well-lighted space allotted to us. We have benches enough for twenty, and a meager equipment of tools. We must have more benches and more tools and new sorts of tools for more advanced work. The room must be so fashioned as to meet all the requirements of a wood-working club and so as to please the eye. Gradually it must become a beautiful room. It must be a combination of the studio and the workshop. The artisan and the artist must be alike satisfied. There must be harmonious coloring of wood-work and walls. There must be appropriate pictures. The adornment of the room could, however, come slowly. The necessary fitting up of the room and the additional equipment immediately needed would probably cost about five hundred dollars.

A second and most important way in which the work could be enlarged is by more frequent meetings. Instruction should be provided so that classes may meet every week-day evening. This, of course, would be an additional expense, but one well justified. Does it not, indeed, seem very poor economy to put a manual training room in good order and then let it lie idle five nights in the week? With frequent meetings there is inevitable gain in momentum. So far as boys are concerned, we would now establish three full clubs, each meeting twice a week. In the new building we shall have space. Given space and boys, what about instruction?

There is a further line of development possible. I have said that the boys have proved themselves capable of taking responsibilities for others. It is rather interesting to note that the first effort of the club to branch out from its own work was in the establishment of a weaving club for girls. The boys gave a little party, invited the girls, formed the new club, made the looms and paid for the first materials. The boys' club is, so to speak, the mother-club of the girls' club. The weaving club has its own officers, but the officers of the manual training club are, as yet, members *ex officio* of the girls' advisory board, and so really direct the policy of that club. Plans for other clubs are all ready and are now waiting for competent leadership. One is a dramatic club, one a glee club. Printing, book-binding, clay-modeling, metal-work—for all these there are demands and dreams, but no definite plans as yet, because all these kinds of work need special apparatus of which we have none, and especially trained teachers, who are seldom available for nothing.

A still further extension and one for which the demand is insistent is the opening of wood-working classes for girls. A constant appeal from the girls is "Missis, can't we be carpenters too?" The present club has voted against the admission of girls to its ranks, but there is recognition that the girls ought to have the work if they wish it. In social and general educational lines also, the boys have recently established new activities. They give an annual party to which their friends and relatives are invited, and they have a course of open lectures for themselves and their friends. Their initiative in both these directions is significant of new and wholesome life.

This eager planning, this almost restless activity on the part of the club, is indicative of an energy not employed to the limit, and energy that craves opportunity. The ferment is that of growing things ready to enter upon a new phase of living. There is through the club a certain consciousness of new power, which, encouraged and utilized, might stretch forward to great things.

It is this atmosphere, possibly, which has colored and irradiated our visions for the new Lincoln Centre. Dare I put forward the whole scheme as we see it?

Suppose, for instance, there were a manual training room well equipped, with an expert teacher and classes frequent enough to meet all demands, this teacher, of course, being paid an adequate salary and the classes being open to the public at a nominal price of five or ten cents a lesson. Suppose this teacher were allowed to have normal classes of advanced pupils at ordinary rates from whom he could secure assistance sufficient to keep a full department running without additional expense. Suppose the money from these normal students should go into the general treasury, and in part pay his salary. There would then be one full department of work under perfectly competent supervision, open to the people at a nominal price, and costing the church but the salary of the leader. Suppose, then, there were many other similarly managed departments, such as clay-modeling, weaving, book-binding, sewing, cooking and the other so-called useful arts. Suppose there were also studios in which could be organized classes in drawing, painting, designing, etc., from which could emanate suggestions and influences permeating all the other departments. Activities so many and varied as these would need for their unification a director, who would necessarily be a salaried officer, giving his entire time to the upbuilding of the work. He need not be an expert in any one department, but he should thoroughly comprehend values, relations and proportions. He should have business ability; he should have power of organization; he should be a good judge of people, and, above all, he should have a thought of the human purpose underlying the entire work.

The work itself should stand for two things to which every part of it should contribute. In the first place, technical skill should be highly regarded. Firm, honest work, the best of its kind, should be expected and demanded. But technique should not be the ultimate aim. It is better to make a man out of a boy than to make merely an expert artisan or a skilled artist. Social, ethical, educational—in a word, character values should give the dominant tone to the instruction. The plan should be firm enough, severe enough, to command respect; flexible and human enough to include all who need it.

Such a scheme would, of course, cost money. It would cost for the director and for the heads of such kinds of work as might be established. It would demand a liberal endowment. But it would be an investment with sure and large returns in the way of happi-

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ness and good citizenship. After all, it is a practical scheme, not visionary at all. It needs only money to make it an efficient reality.

But in the meantime? The liberal endowment is not yet here. Must we wait for it? Should we not rather test the scheme in a small way and then let the success of that test be the inspiration for the endowment?

The new building offers space. Why could not that be converted into capital and utilized for a partial attainment of our wishes? For instance, let studios be given rent free for a certain length of time to instructors in the various handicrafts who should be allowed to hold their own private classes at their own pleasure, but who should, in return, conduct two or three classes each week for the people of the neighborhood at five or ten cents a lesson and without expense to the church. Certain kinds of work could be at once started and carried on in a way which, though necessarily limited, would be of real present value and the germ of greater work hereafter—when the endowment comes. What could be put in? Wood-working, clay-modeling, metal-work, drawing and designing, music, perhaps cooking, are among the departments that could be established with the first opening of the new rooms. But even at the outset, even such a plan needs direction. The various classes should be so organized that as they gradually progress toward the fulfillment of their purpose, only an extension of the initiatory policy would be necessary, rather than a change of policy, for the final efficiency of the plan depends upon the impulse given at the beginning.

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THE EOZOIC AGE OF THE LINCOLN CENTRE.

MR. JONES DREAMS A DREAM.

Below we give a facsimile reproduction of the article published in the Chicago Evening Post for September 12, 1892, which was the first announcement, either to the public or to All Souls Church, of the minister's hope. The article was written by Mr. Armstrong, son of the father of the United States railway postal car service. The next day a copy of the paper was mailed to every member of the society, and a few, a very few, took the dream seriously. Then began the ten or more years' quest for the realization of the dream which is now being embodied in brick and mortar. It is here reproduced as a contribution to archaeology.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1892.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH.

Great Work of Its Active Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

IT IS A FAMILY ORGANIZATION.

History of the Congregation and How Its Religious Duties Are Conducted--The Members.

Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch said to the writer not long ago: "I regard Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones as a human dynamo." And, judging by the enthusiasm that Mr. Jones brings to his work, his unquenchable ardor in all that he undertakes and the grand results that he accomplishes Dr. Hirsch in his estimate of the man was exactly right. Mr. Jones, as he felicitously remarks, "works religion from the near end;" that is, he tries to adjust the lives of those under his immediate care to this world and to let the next world take care of itself. Consequently an emphasis is placed upon the growth of the individual; upon his or her intellectual and moral training. All Souls' Church, which is the crystallization of Mr. Jones' ideas, is based on no creed whatever, but its foundation stones are human helpfulness and character building. The pastor conscientiously and thoroughly believes that men can never be united honestly on the harmony of doctrine. To help one another they must be united in harmony of purpose. Is it any wonder that, conducted on so broad and so unselfish a principle, All Souls' Church has flourished apace and become one of the potential factors in the intellectual and moral progress of the southern part of this city?

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones came from Janesville, Wis., to Chicago in 1880. He was impelled to change his location by the desire for the larger horizon of thought and action. At first he occupied the position of secretary of the western unitarian conference. It may be proper to note here that Mr. Jones, although a Welshman by birth, is just as much an American as if he had been born here; because he was only one year old when he came to America, on which occasion, he humorously remarks, he brought both of his parents along with him. The lad grew up in the wilds of pioneer Wisconsin, absorbing in his being the inspiration of nature in its most impressive phase, untrained and unbroken by the forces of civilization. His father was a sturdy farmer and all of his brothers are sturdy farmers, and every year he spends two months on the old farm to keep himself in touch with nature and to maintain in its pristine strength the freshness and buoyancy of youth.

Fought Against the Rebellion.

At eighteen years of age, burning with patriotism, he enlisted as a private in the Sixth Wisconsin Artillery and he did his share in fighting down the rebellion. He fought all through the war, in the western army, under Grant, Sherman, McPherson and Logan, and in the nine battles in which he participated he never received a scratch. The battles in which he fought were connected with the sieges of Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Nashville. He came out of the struggle as he went in—a private. After he had successfully beaten his sword into a plowshare and the spear into a pruning hook, he tried farming for a while and also taught school. Farming was not to his taste; his intellect was not of the kind that can be harnessed to a plow any more than the natural genius of Robert Burns could be harnessed to a plow, and so the next important step in his life was to study at Meadville Seminary, in Pennsylvania, intending to become a unitarian minister. There he remained for four years. After his graduation he accepted a charge at Winnetka and thence went to Janesville, where he remained for nine years. It was like snapping heart strings on the part of both congregation and preacher for Mr. Jones to leave for the larger field. While in Janesville Mr. Jones inaugurated the grade of work followed in all liberal churches and known as the Unity Club-work. This includes a systematic course of study in literature, science and other useful topics with a special view to character building, under the direction of the pastor.

How All Souls' Church Started.

In 1882 the spirit within him loudly called for an enlargement of his efforts in the new field. He felt that his mission was higher than that allowed him in his position as secretary of the western unitarian conference, and so he moved to Thirty-fifth street, hung out his shingle, as he says, and announced that he was going to hold divine services. His audience at the first service numbered about twenty, but half of these never came again. Nevertheless, the infant society grew apace and waxed strong. For the first seven years Mr. Jones received no stated salary. All of the current expense connected with his meetings were paid out of the resources, and Mr. Jones took what was left for his income. The amount was not brobdignagian in its proportions. But his heart rejoiced and was exceeding glad, because from the beginning the new church was never burdened with a dollar of debt. The services of All Souls' were first held in a little hall at Thirty-fifth street and Vincennes avenue. The field was well occupied: indeed, the place chosen was in a veritable nest of churches, but Mr. Jones believed that there was a class of people who could not be reached by the creed-based churches. His attitude toward other churches has always been this: "Let all existing churches take what they can get and I will take what is left. That generally includes the best and the worst elements."

J. P. GARDNER.

The little society grew so rapidly that it soon taxed the capacity of the hall, and in two years' time the room was too small. Then the church moved into a larger hall over the skating rink at Oakwood boulevard and Ellis avenue, and in 1886 the present edifice was completed and dedicated.

Mr. Jones' active and zealous spirit is well portrayed in the circumstances connected with the building of this new church. He raised the money necessary—in all $10,000—before the first shovelful of dirt was turned. When the edifice was dedicated it was not burdened by a penny of debt. The sum was secured by the pastor among his personal friends and he proudly points to the fact that every state in the union is represented in the contribution. Here was a task that few men are able to accomplish. The church building is quite attractive exteriorly. It bears the appearance of a cross between a capacious colonial residence and a modern club house. The pastor lives up-stairs in a suite of comfortable and convenient apartments and down-stairs are the audience-room, the libraries and club-room. It is a home church and its appearance is homelike. Large fireplaces give it an air of substantial comfort and warm the cockles of the heart of every one that will stop long enough to read the scriptural quotations cut into the wood of the mantles over the fireplaces. In the club-rooms, too, these fireplaces impart a novel charm that is simply irresistible. It makes the stranger feel at home and positively thaws him out into a congenial state that has its delightful reflex action.

MRS. MARION H. PERKINS.

Work of the Church.

There are not any rich people in All Souls' Church; that is, not rich as the word is measured in Chicago. Few carriages stop in front of the parsonage door. Mr. Jones' constituency may be fairly characterized as an intelligent, self-supporting and home-making people. A large percentage is made up of young professional men and their families—people who read and appreciate their pastor's efforts in behalf of a higher education. Mr. Jones' theory is that one devotional religious service on Sunday is better than two. Therefore, on every Sabbath morning he preaches his sermon and the subject is taken from the whole domain of human experience. Sunday evenings he devotes to educational work. Last year on Sunday evenings he had a series of a dozen economic conferences, at which the range of topics extended from the Washburn bill to woman suffrage. The speakers at these conferences ranged from Sam W. Allerton to Thomas J. Morgan. Mr. Jones presided and, besides making the closing addresses, kept each meeting up to a high standard of dignity.

Next October, under the auspices of All Souls' Church Unity Club, Professor Moulton, of the University of Chicago, will deliver six lectures in the university extension line.

It is a Family Organization.

All Souls' Church is an organization decidedly unique in its way. It is more like one big family than it is like a church. In the parish there are 200 families. The congregation has already outgrown its present church structure and some day, and that not far distant, the present church property will be sold and a new church built on the vacant 100 feet opposite on Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue, for which the society paid $40,000. All Souls' Church is never closed. During the annual two months' vacation of the pastor lay services are held by different members of the society. Sittings are absolutely free. The church is supported by annual contributions and weekly collections.

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The Abraham Lincoln Centre

Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue
Chicago

PROPOSED MOTTO ON SEAL

"Pluck a thistle and Plant a flower wherever a flower will grow."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE above building, now in process of construction, extends one hundred and eight feet on Oakwood Boulevard and seventy-two feet on Langley Avenue. The high basement will give space to manual training, games and boys' reading room. The first floor will be occupied by the Hill reading room, circulating library, pastor's study, publication office and other working rooms. The second floor and galleries will be given to the auditorium, with a seating capacity of about nine hundred, to the Sunday-school and other class rooms. The third floor will be devoted to social and literary clubs, seminar and memorial rooms. On the fourth floor will be the pastor's apartments, rooms for resident workers, etc. The fifth floor will be divided between the gymnasium and the domestic science rooms.

The building will be of fire-proof construction, built "four square," the same material and architectural honesty carried all around. The severest simplicity has been aimed at; no money will be spent on exterior embellishments, because all will be needed to furnish the interior with the tools and life that will justify the expenditure. It is hoped that "the building will be emblematic of the hearty, straight-forward ideal of the man for whom it is named," and that when completed "it will have a soul, the light and beauty of which will shine through and beyond its walls."

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In the present building there are maintained, for the benefit not only of the church but for the good of the neighborhood, a reading-room, a manual training school for boys, which is open every night in the week, and a free kindergarten. This is under the direction of Miss Gertrude Sackett, and the financial managers are Mrs. S. A. Maxwell and Mrs. Helen Barrett. Besides these a circulating and reference library are maintained, including 1,000 volumes of general literature and 200 reference books and the

ALL SOULS' CHURCH.

Encyclopædia Britannica. This reference library is accessible to every one at all hours of the day and evening and the circulating library is open an hour every day. Its patrons number three or four hundred and include the boys and girls in the neighborhood, of all denominations.

The Unity Club, of which the pastor is the leader, divides its activities into various sections, such as the novel section, the philosophy section, the Browning section, the Lowell section, etc. The membership of the Unity Club represents all the churches in the neighborhood and it does a splendid work. For several years the club conducted afternoon lectures on a certain day of each week, to which only the public school children holding tickets were admitted. These lectures have been devoted to early Chicago and the heroes of the civil war, and the lectures last year were devoted to the world's fair, which will be continued this winter. This scheme brings Mr. Jones into close relationship with the school children, and if ever he wants them to serve him the little folks will take particular delight in doing so.

Mr. Jones' New Ideas.

There is no doubt that the erection of a new church is a matter that the society will have to determine upon in a short time, for the present auditorium is wholly inadequate. If Mr. Jones could get the support of the intelligent and enterprising rich people of the community he would carry out an idea that he has cherished for some time past. It is wholly practicable, and would demonstrate to the community what one church society can do toward its pleasure and profit.

If sufficient encouragement coutd be secured, it is Mr. Jones' hope that a stock company may be organized with a capital of $150,000. The church would put in as its assets the 100 feet on Oakwood boulevard and the proceeds from the sale of its present church property. A seven-story building would then be built on this 100 feet. The first story would be devoted to the development of the physical man; to cheap but first-class baths, gymnasium and bowling alley. An athletic club would be organized in All Souls' parish which could be made to yield a handsome income. The second story would be set apart for man's spiritual and intellectual needs and would contain the auditorium, the library, reading-room, etc. The third story would be given to charitable work, sewing-rooms, manual training and the free kindergarten. The next three stories would be given over to revenue, and the doctors and dentists and artists' offices and studios and the flat apartments would yield a large income. The seventh story would be devoted to amusements and the large hall on this floor would be rented for amateur theatricals, concert purposes, lectures and dancing parties. A refectory would be built in connection with this hall.

Mr. Jones does not look upon this idea as a dream by any means. He declares, as a level-headed man, that the project is certainly feasible and that a building of the kind, every floor of which would be productive, could be made to pay a dividend of 6 to 8 per cent every year without question. The question with him is, can he enlist the interest of enough of Chicago's enterprising capitalists to make the scheme an assured thing? He would like to hear from this class of men and is ready to undertake the construction of the novel edifice—a sort of multum in parvo—as soon as the money can be raised.

The building would be really the first of the kind in the world, but it would be nothing more than the fulfillment of plans already in operation.

Enjoy Freedom of Thought.

The members of All Souls' observe absolute freedom of thought with a real spirit of devotion. Mr. Jones himself is so liberal that he is regarded as "off-color" even among unitarians. He is in no sense a sectarian man. While he is the spiritual child of Channing, Emerson and Parker and thoroughly believes in the vitality of their thought, he does not like to think of the unitarian movement crystallizing into a sect based on any doctrinal foundation. The bond of union of All Souls' is this: "We whose names are hereunto affixed join ourselves together in the interests of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and to promote truth, righteousness and love in the world."

The church naturally with so liberal a pastor is extremely liberal. It reaches one hand out to the pope of Rome and the other to Robert G. Ingersoll, who, Mr. Jones believes, has done great service to thought in America, as it has compelled the people to take an account of stock and to distinguish between fact and fiction in religion.

The Sunday school is in a flourishing condition under the superintendency of Mrs. Marion H. Perkins. Luther L. Smith is the secretary. Its pupils will number 600. The pastor is the intellectual leader of the school. He teaches the little ones universal religion. Last year was wholly devoted to showing the beauties of the different religious and the year before he gave them a glimpse into primitive religions—studied from the point of the evolutionist. Education and mental enlargement are sought in every stroke of work undertaken at All Souls'.

Mrs. Leonard's Good Work.

Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard is the parish assistant, and Mr. Jones pays her a deserved tribute when he says that she is wonderfully proficient in her work. Her duties are of an executive character. She relieves the pastor of all his minor burdens. The whole parish trusts her and admires, and Mr. Jones unreservedly declares that he does not see how he could continue in the absorbing work that he has undertaken without her assistance.

The trustees are: J. P. Gardner, chairman; S. Warren Lamson and William Kent. The work of the church is intrusted to the following: Mrs. V. D. Perkins, assisted by Mrs. M. V. Collins, D. H. Fletcher and W. B. Fuller, social; Mrs. R. H. Doud, charitable; Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, missionary; Mrs. E. T. Leonard, educational. These constitute the executive committee of the church. The music is under the direction of William Apmadoc. The managers of the Unity Club sections are these: Mrs. R. H. Kelly, novel; Lloyd G. Wheeler, philosophy; Mrs. J. R. Mann, Browning; Mrs. M. B. Grover, Lowell; Miss J. M. E. Hintermeister, German; Mrs. Delia H. Dickson, library; F. P. Bagley and L. L. Smith, reading-room, manual training; Miss Helen Barbour, kindergarten; Mrs. J. H. Cooke, lecture.

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Lincoln Centre.

A pebble in the water cast,
We see its ripples circling fast
From it as center.
And tho' they seem to sink in peace,
That influence faint will never cease,
Tho' on a million century lease,
Gaunt Time may enter.

A sea of flaming glory vast
Wherein one thought of God was cast,
One sun sent whirling;
Its blazing ripples circling round
As glorious globes their orbits found,
With rhythmic move, harmonious sound,
God's plan unfurling.

One smallest world, but oh, so fair!
Each age evolved, till life it bare
Of forms amazing;
And last, O wondrous thought of God,
Upright upon the fresh, green sod,
There breathed a soul, no more a clod,
With face upraising,

Who tried to read his Father's face
To catch a message that his race
Might treasure ever.
We read it now, in pages gone,
How centers, of each prophet born,
Have sent their ripples on and on
To perish never.

The Godward-looking, now anew,
Hath caught a word to add unto
Religion's missal.
In words of one great soul we pray,
Grant us from every sterile way
As on we go, from day to day
To pluck a thistle,

And flowers to plant where flowers will grow
That they a blessing may bestow
On travelers many.
For Lincoln Centre means to-day
That we must up, without delay,
"A march, not an encampment," aye,
No stay for any.

For, e'er within our Centre's walls,
Brief rest—and then the trumpet calls,
Hear all who enter.
Fellowship, freedom, character,
The bond uniting—but no bar
More narrow than God's blessings are
Sets Lincoln Centre.

O sweet may be its influences
On those which bind the Pleiades,
O'er all who enter.
For lo! beyond the rolling spheres,
Through all of Time's eternal years,
In loyal hearts, that know no fears,
Is God, our Center.

B. J.

The Cathedral, Past and Prospective.*

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts,
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.
They go from strength to strength.—Psalms 84. 1-7.

The cathedral at its noblest is the best outward symbol of the spiritual nature of man, as it is also the most suggestive measure and prophecy of the corporate life of man. The cathedral is the spired climax of fourteen or more centuries of Christian prayer and aspiration. It inspired, and still holds and represents the supreme achievements of man in nearly all the arts. In the production of the cathedral, painting, sculpture, architecture and music climbed like the Gothic arch which inspired them to their highest peaks, their most perfect curves and most graceful proportions. The cathedral sustained in life and honored in death the great heroes, the bards, the sages and the saints of Christian history and still protects their ashes. At the mention of the old cathedrals, the names of Raphael, Fra Angelico, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo, Augustine and Savonarola, Dante, Chaucer and Victor Hugo fall from our lips. At the mention of the cathedral, Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris, London, and a dozen other cities rise before the mind's eye, each of them centering around its cathedral, for St. Peter's, the Duomo, St. Mark's, Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey are the gems to which the cities named are but the inadequate setting in baser metal and less precious stones.

If you ask whence came its power, why this ascendency, the answer is not far to seek. Christianity began at least in a moral protest. Whatever else he was, the Nazarene carpenter was a reformer; whatever else he worked for, his central quest was for a better social order. Interpret the "kingdom" he proclaimed as you please, it was at least centered in ethics and circumferenced by the good. He spoke to a distracted people: he appeared in turbulent times and was caught in the vortex of great commercial, racial and military tides of life. So strenuous were the forces of selfishness, so persistent the clamor of outward things and material power that Christendom in its infancy fled the world. It shrank from the contest and sought sanctity in the retirements of the desert, the grim solitude of caves, the inaccessible recesses of forests and moun-

*This sermon was first delivered in All Souls Church, February 2, 1902. It was then published in pamphlet form and several thousand copies were distributed. The edition now being exhausted, it is here reprinted by the request of many friends of the movement who believe that it may still advance the interest of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and, though a year late, it practically interprets the present situation. The following preface introduced the official pamphlet published by the provisional board of trustees:

"This sermon has grown out of the ripened life of a man consecrated to the cause of a better, broader and freer humanity. From Corinth and Chattanooga to the Parliament of Religions, and down to present efforts to secure decent conditions in the State Institutions, he has manfully and effectively toiled for all of us. Jenkin Lloyd Jones needs no introduction.

"His prophetic message telling of a church that shall exclude none, of a platform free to the utterance of all honest thought, is so clear that no preface is needed. The ideal of an institution with a religious and an ethical core that shall be useful every day in the week points the way to the rehabilitation of the church into the place of relative usefulness which it once held in society. We who have long studied this question of housing these great ideals in brick and mortar know what can be done. For nearly twenty years All Souls Church has with meager facilities done with success and credit almost everything that we hope to do on a larger scale in our new building. We wish to see the work carried on in unbroken succession. The territory to which this building will minister has deep need of it now, but in an infinitely larger way the world has need of this example of practical usefulness, a church and an institution that touches every worthy motive of life.

"We hold as you do, that surplus wealth brings responsibility with it, and that in grateful recognition of what the ages of struggle and suffering have done for us, we in our time owe much to those about us and to those who come after. Itis the plainest business proposition that the safest investment is in a well manned "going" business. Here is a chance to back a great man who has succeeded, to strengthen and reinforce a successful business and by example to teach other communities what the modern church may be.

"We feel that, in so far as we are public spirited and desire to do good work in the world, we are offering you an opportunity for the highest form of investment.

"We ask you to read the sermon and to communicate with us

Respectfully,

PROVISIONAL TRUSTEES LINCOLN CENTRE.

WILLIAM KENT, Chairman.

tains, and there it throve. The deserts became social with eremites. The hermits became so numerous that they organized, and monasteries grew and nunneries multiplied until monasticism and religion, celibacy and piety, became almost synonymous terms. Then it was that human nature asserted itself not in defiance to but through and in accordance with organized religion. The world and time began again to doff their sinister garb and don the robes of glory that are the divine habiliments of nature. The pious eye began to see God again in forest, lake, mountain and sea, flowers and clouds. And so the monastery took on spires, the nunnery took the grates out of its windows and elevated its entrances and the cathedral rose, hospitable to man, woman and child; it took in the family. Its hospitality widened and it became the representative of community life. Rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, peasant and prince found a comon level at the altars of God, the shrine of religion, to appear at which all sadly needed the shriving hand. The community consciousness grew strong by such nurture. Present power dared count on future reinforcements, and so the cathedral grew from being the representative of one generation to become the hope of many. The fathers laid foundations the superstructure of which they left to their children and their children's children to rear. One century dared begin what the next century might continue but could not complete, and so we find the story of centuries condensed and arranged in the walls of any one of these great cathedrals. There the generations are arranged like beads upon a string.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."

said the Greek Hippocrates, but art grew venturesome when it had the centuries to deal with, and so the cathedral grew glorious.

How, then, came that power to be? Whence, then, did the cathedral derive its power? Clearly here: It took back the family into the confidences of religion. It taught man and woman how the human and the divine love could go hand in hand. It reconciled the home to the church, consecrated marriage, and recognized in children a heavenly heritage. It recognized, to an extent unrealized by any other building ever reared by the hands of man, the *com-unity*, the common life of those who dwell together, irrespective of race, birth, rank or degrees of saintliness. The cathedral triumphed by virtue of a daring, unparalleled, and hitherto untried democracy. Many of the crafts reached their maximum of skill in the cathedral because the craftsmen worked for no sordid or servile motives. The individual was free to work out his individuality. The cathedral triumphed lastly by virtue of its faith in continuity, the philosophy of history that believed in the continuous life on earth, and so it took counsel of the ages, it built on and with the granite, and the centuries broke at its feet as the waves beat and break at the base of the lighthouse tower.

But in spite of all this, in full view of all this, the cathedral began to wane. The cathedrals of history today represent a decadent power. Why?

Again the answer, to my mind, is not far to seek. Splendid as was its courage, it weakened from cowardice. Great as was its inclusiveness, it sickened from narrowness. Splendid as was its fellowship, it waned on account of its inhospitality. Unparalleled as was its democracy, it was debilitated and grew emaciated by its aristocracy. It had a passion for fellowship, but it was afraid of freedom. It took no note of birth lines, but it undertook to survey the thought boundaries of the kingdom of God, and sooner or later fellowship becomes impossible where freedom is denied. Love itself will grow selfish and arrogant where thought is dishonored. The cathedral had a shrine for John the beloved, Peter the denier, even Judas the betrayer when penitent, but because it had none for Thomas the doubter, the investigator, the time came when its power in the world was crippled, for where reason is slighted there is an indignity to God, where investigation, inquiry, research, adventure of mind are distrusted, discouraged or denied, there piety becomes conventional and religion formal; and progress escapes from the mephitic atmosphere.

The story of the decadence of the cathedral as a moral power, a spiritual energizer in civilization, is the sad but inevitable story of dogmatism. It is the story of the struggle of free thought with bigotry, religion making commmon cause with the wrong side. When Luther nailed his theses on his chapel door at Wittenberg it was a strike for freedom, but he asked only for what freedom he could use. Calvin wanted freedom, but his "institutes" fixed the boundaries of as much of freedom as he approved of, and Servetus, being found outside the stockade, must be burned. Wesley struck for freedom of spirit and Methodism flourished under the conquering banner. But they stretched the corralling rope and a disciple of Wesley would "stretch upon a barn door the skin" of a brother disciple who in the spirit of the master tried to bring his liberty down to date and preserve his religious thought without an adjective, the last untrameled version of the thoughts of God phrased by man; i. e., the latest discoveries of science, the highest conclusions of philosophy, and the most reasonable expresssion of the accumulated experience of the race.

With love and appreciation for all the churches, let me say that organized religion is sick today. Not religion, but the organizations that seek to represent it, instead of being aggressive and triumphant leaders in art, literature, statecraft or science, as they were when the cathedral came to its power, are now too often apologetic, on the defensive, more or less successful attachments to life rather than expressions of life.

I know what the statistics tell, and I have no desire to challenge the figures that show increasing membership rolls, ever enlarging missionary funds and widening plans, the cumulative figures of charity and charitable institutions, and still in the face of all these unquestioned facts the leadership of the churches is now in question and the minister of religion is regarded by many as more of an appendix than a prophecy in that book of life which represents civic welfare, social well-being and public weal.

The only department of education that seems to lag today is that of theological education. The only professional schools that have lessening rolls are the divinity schools. And the theological students that we have are often not recruited out of the ranks of the most vigorous college students, measured by power of mind, ethical enthusiasm or potency of will. Something is the matter.

My purpose is not to argue, but I make these statements without fear of effectual contradiction, and I venture the opinion that the explanation is not far to seek: The exclusion, the halting of the intellect, the dogmatic and *other-worldly* spirit that brought blight upon the monastic life of the eighth to the tenth centuries, have brought Protestantism to the distractions of the present day. The "schism," the sectarian rivalry, the competitive struggle of the denominations, have come to be the scandal of Christianity in the twentieth century, the despair of that religion which finds its fundamental postulates in the decalogue, the beatitudes and the golden rule.

Signs are not wanting that there are pent-up forces about to reveal themselves which will bring about the renaissance of the cathedral-building spirit, not a renaissance of steeple-building, not a revival of Gothic architecture or medieval liturgies, but a renaissance of the fundamental spirit that built the cathedrals, the spirit of unity as opposed to the spirit of caste, class

and race, the spirit of hospitality as opposed to the spirit of exclusion; in a word the spirit of catholicity as opposed to the spirit of schism and dogmatism. Every label in vogue today in Christendom is more or less a libel upon those who wear it willingly or otherwise, because it indicates divisions where no divisions exist, difference that are unreal. Creeds that once represented the consecrated intellect of masters, creeds that were mighty weapons in spiritual warfare when loaded with profound convictions, are now hindrances because they are so largely emptied of convictions. They are an embarrassment to those who are within the enclosures and a barrier to those who are without. All science, as well as commerce, art and statesmanship point to a co-operation and a combination which religion must eventually sanctity and organize into more magnificent expressions than any of these other forces can. In some new fashion, through fresh instrumentalities and up-to-date methods, religion and morals are yet to find cathedral expression.

I believe it because I believe that religion and morals are fundamental forces in human life. So long as sin-stained souls stagger under the burden of conscious guilt, so long as life is torn by passion, so long as babes are born into loving homes, and open graves mock the joys that clustered around the cradle, so long as the human heart is vulnerable to pity and so long as men and women love each other, so long will religion seek for expression and the spirit of man reach out to the spirit of fellow man. Not until the human heart is stolid to poetry, the human eye blind to beauty, not until the intellect ceases its quest for truth and conscience finds its quietus either in universal defeat or in triumphant success, will organized religion cease to be.

What will this new cathedral be like? What is the demand today above all other demands?

Again the answer is easy to discover, however difficult to state. The twentieth-century cathedral, like that of the thirteenth century, will be a spirit before it is a building. It will not be a thing of columns and of arches, however necessary these may be and however beautifully they may ultimately be developed. Before that, it will be a spirit of freedom; a freedom to think God's thoughts after him; freedom to investigate and to respect the results of such investigation; freedom for the other man as well as for ourselves; freedom enough to go around, all around; a freedom for Trinitarian and Unitarian, Presbyterian and Catholic, Christian, Jew and Pagan; the freedom not of toleration, but of appreciation; not of endurance, but of sympathy.

Out of this freedom comes fellowship, again fellowship that will go all around; fellowship for a man who differs from you, fellowship because he differs from you, a fellowship born out of appreciation, of what is good in the meanest and the wickedest, a fellowship that rises into the third factor of the coming cathedral —Service. This fellowship asks of its members not what do you believe? but what are you going to do about it?

This liberty, fellowship and service represent a consecration of all energies and resources, the new catholicity that will make a unit of the community in its moral quest and spiritual needs, the catholicity that will in the twentieth century as in the tenth bring men and women together where they will together face the common joys and common responsibilities of the community to which they belong, finding that what they hold in common is far more fundamental and extensive than what they hold in difference. The monasticism of the nineteenth century has been social—no, "society" —monasticism. Men and women have sadly fallen apart, separated into their different clubs and functions, to the weakening and cheapening of all concerned; children have been remanded to Sunday-schools which their parents seldom or never visit, and the fundamental tenets of which they often confessedly do not endorse; labor and capital have congregated in antagonistic camps, greatly to the hurt of both parties; the good have gone away from home in order to do good; the wealthy have builded many missions for the poor "beyant the tracks;" greasy halls, wheezy hymns sung to rag-time music, ignorant piety and unctuous emotionalism are the instruments by means of which they have undertaken to ameliorate the wickedness over there; while upholstered pews sparsely tenanted, conventional theology exquisitely rendered in steeple houses, architectural anachronisms, cold, dark and neglected a large part of each week, are the religious helps for those who from their own choice or for some other cause are often the spiritually indifferent if not the spiritually neglected, who live on our avenues and our boulevards, those whom George Eliot called with measureless pathos "the perishing upper classes."

I quarrel with no church; I impugn the motives of no one and question the sincerity of no pulpit or pew; I gladly recognize the vast good accomplished by all the churches; and still I state what the observation of every intelligent man and woman will confirm, that notwithstanding all this confusion of churches, this overlapping of territories, with their tireless activities, great multitudes of people in the city of Chicago, as everywhere in America, are practically unchurched today. After all the sects claim all they can, there still remain, largely untouched by their denominational enthusiasm, the best and the worst of every community, the wisest and the most ignorant, oftentimes the most benevolent, as well as the most depraved.

Is there no need of some new corporate expression of the ethical sense of the community, of the religious life of the twentieth century? Is there not a new cathedral-building spirit to be born out of this travail, this compression, this destruction?

Let me try to outline in a few words, as I see it, this new cathedral that is needed today and here, that is possible now and here whenever the need is appreciated and its methods and purposes are understood.

I am thinking of a building of modern architecture, gracious though not gorgeous, representing in its lines dignity, hospitality and service, a building with four faces, each honest and clean, no pretense on the boulevard that is shamed by a slovenliness on the alley; the whole building invested with an atmosphere of sweet reasonableness, of home-like domesticity and cordiality, and on whose exterior may be carved such names and inscriptions as will show that it stands there to serve the public, that it is allied to science, in league with literature, free but devout from the street level to the crowning cornice that rims the topmost story.

The basement and lower story of this building will be devoted to helpful activities. The offices in this department store that deals in spiritual commodities will be a sympathy shop, an information bureau, a reference board, an exchange of kindly offices where spiritual dynamos are at work making live the lines that radiate far and near with light-giving power, a reading-room always open, a reference and circulating library available to the countless children, the aged, the house-bound, and those who by taste or by necessity cannot frequent the great book depots of our city. Here will be a publication industry to produce things which do not pay, but which the people need. Here should be playrooms, night-school rooms, manual training benches and modeling tables that will become the refuge for the boys and girls who cannot always be kept indoors, however attractive the home, as well as for the boys and girls for whom such privileges are provided in no other way.

Next comes the auditorium; not large but attractive, not sumptuous but artistic, refined and comfortable, with the maximum of light, the best of air;

an auditorium that will be an open congress hall for everything that pertains to public weal, to civic advancement, as indeed the old cathedrals were, and on that account all the more a place for prayer, hymn and sermon in proper season. The next floor should be given to social and study club rooms, with working reference libraries attached. I should hope for memorial and seminar rooms, one dedicated to civics, another to the bibles of the world, another to literature, the poets and sages, the master bards. This floor should be devoted to the social life of men, women and children, the modern family club refined, elevated and economized, so that those sufficiently attuned to enjoy the privileges of a common parlor and to merit the confidences of common companionship would find them available. Here are rooms where the college graduate, the public school teacher, the wage-earning woman, the young lawyer, the physician and the business man or woman will find themselves at home in the presence of those who have gone over the road a little ahead of them.

The next floor should be devoted to quarters for resident workers, apartments for the personalities without which the building would be dead and the spaces cold and vacant; the court of the Levites of the old temple, the chapter house and cloisters of the old cathedral. Here post-graduate students in sociology will love to tarry while they do laboratory work in the humanities, imbibing the spirit of usefulness and service from those who have already found work to do and a way to do it. The upper floor will be given to physical recreation; it will contain a gymnasium for women and children, boys and girls, the aged and the invalid, and rooms for dancing and banqueting within the limits and under the direction of conscience and reason, purity and propriety. And here should be a school of domestic arts, where home making in all its departments should be systematically taught.

This whole building will be alive with personalities, warmed and lighted as needed seven days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, and all the waking hours of every day. Such a building may well be taken in charge by a self-perpetuating board of trustees under the state law that provides for such educational institutions. It may well deserve and will eventually receive not only the confidence but the support of the best people in the community, whatever their individual theological beliefs or ecclesiastical relations may be. Its activities will take upon themselves associations, endowments, the support of the living, and the blessed benedictions of the dead.

I have drawn no fancy sketch, no rhetorical castle in Spain. I have given in outline the result of years of study and quest on the part of the officers and minister of this church. Through the toils of many studies we have arrived at this last, which is still another, the best suggestion, subject to change and improvement.

And further, this is no untried dream. I have but outlined the quarters now necessary to house activities already developed through twenty years of work in and around this humble home of a seven-day religion, this open church, this free platform, a place of religion that would still be religious without creed and without sectarian label.

Our present building was never meant to be anything but a crude study, a pencil sketch in the direction of the new cathedral. As it now is it represents upward of thirty distinct activities, most of them with an autonomy of their own. Library, reading-room, manual training, clay-modeling, postoffice mission, magazine dispensary that sends good reading from Alabama to Nevada, classes in Browning, Tolstoy, Ruskin, Emerson, studies in comparative religion, Bible and Christian history, these represent something of the activities already fostered here. On this platform did the Parliament of Religions overflow, the greatest corporate event in the religious history of the race; the hospitality there prophesied was here actualized under the sanction of a church and in the name of religion. Here has been carried on the publishing interest already referred to as non-profitable but potent and needed.

This is not an impractical scheme. We have the work and we have the workers that demand the house, and when the house is finished it will rest on at least twenty years of local experience, proving that independence can be sympathetic, that rationalism can be devout, and that freedom is not necessarily iconoclastic and negative.

And what is more significant still to the commercial mind of Chicago, we have most of the money necessary to build it. This scheme as a scheme was put to its severest test when its promoters said, "Not until one hundred thousand dollars of good subscriptions are obtained will we make the venture." By the generous self-denial of many and the patient search of a few, this amount has been reached. This is what we *must* have. We need fifty thousand more to adequately furnish and equip these varied departments, and then one hundred thousand dollars as an endowment to keep the wheels going and prevent the rope of financial anxiety from strangling the spiritual forces that are to be set at work. The corner across the way, a hundred and twenty by a hundred and fifteen feet, is ours. This corner is an unencumbered asset.

Backed by all this today we confidently ask for that support and co-operation from the solid business men of Chicago that will make this preliminary study, this prophetic attempt at a new cathedral tangible in this progressive city, this favored section of favored Chicago. That there is in it an element of adventure (I prefer to call it invention and initiative) goes without saying. For what else are we here? In what respect has Chicago a claim for uniqueness or for lasting fame save in this? Where did you get your money, your homes, your city, except through this initiative? But that there is nothing erratic or unsound is shown by the experience of more than twenty years' work, the present financial asset of about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a band of tried workers, who have proved that combination is as good for love as for greed, and that an altruistic trust, dealing in thought, in poetry, in science, in kindness, may prove as successful as an "egotistic trust" dealing in steel, coal, or petroleum.

What is in a name? Much. What would we call it? The term "Social Settlement" brought with it a new idea, a fresh method. It has proved to be a term to conjure by. It represents the most vital, living, sensible expression of co-operative altruism in the English speaking world today. And the great good accomplished is but a beginning of the greater triumphs in store for the "Social Settlement." But for our purposes it contains within itself two limiting implications: The first is the implication that one must needs go away from home in order to do good, a patronizing assumption that the favored are better than the less favored, or at least a complacency on the part of the favored who assume that misery and degradation are matters of geography and of financial resource. The second limitation is the abeyance of religious expression, the practical divorce of some of the most permanent forces in human nature represented by the church and Sunday life. Believing as I do that hymn and prayer and sermon, as expressions of the devout heart, as exercises of the spirit, are valuable and permanent elements in co-operative religion, I look for the new cathedral to be a "Settlement" without going away from home, with the universal elements of the church enshrined at the core of it.

And so we venture to call it a "Centre," a "Centre" that shall radiate intelligence, culture, joy, helpfulness, a "Centre" to which will gravitate the lonely, the loving, the intellectually hungry, the morally affluent, the spiritually active. This "Centre" will, I believe, be-

come a generic term, the ideal of many, the realization of an ever-increasing number of communities. For the specific term we sought a name that would carry the connotation of the best the nineteenth century has achieved. We sought a name that belonged to democracy, that had conquered the prejudices of aristocracy; a name that at once would be gentle and strong, tender and stalwart; a name that had achieved much for liberty, a name that had suffered much for the right. We wanted a name that would radiate benignity, humility, a Christ-like patience, in short, a saint of the new order, a martyr of the new day. Such a name we believe "Abraham Lincoln" to be, and so we dare christen this "Centre" of helpfulness, this home of kindness, this academy of life, "The Abraham Lincoln Centre."

This is a name to conjure by, a name that touches with peculiar pathos thousands still living, among whom I am glad and proud to count myself, for I was a humble private in that army that sang in the face of loneliness, sickness and death,

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more."

For three years his leadership was the reluctant leadership of a man of peace compelled to do the dire service of a warrior. The campaigning of the sword and bayonet ended in 1865, with the ending of his patient life. But those years were but the brief prelude to the ministry of Abraham Lincoln. He is still a leader in the great army of love, the army upon whose banner is inscribed the angel chorus of

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

In the files of that larger, diviner, and more heroic army I have tried to hold my place throughout the campaign which began after the surrender of Appomattox.

May I tell the story of my cane, which lames me when I cease to wear it? It was in October, 1862, soon after the battle of Corinth. I had been in the service but a few weeks, and most of the time had been spent in the hospital. Emaciated and weakened by camp fever, I reported for duty, for the ranks were sadly thinned at Corinth. The discipline was strenuous. I volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade in a battery drill on a rough corn-field. The battery was in motion, the command was "Trot!" then, "Cannoneers, mount!" I sought my place on the rear chest of the caisson, but the legs were too weak to lift the body on the fast-moving carriage across the corn-rows. I sank beneath the wheels, and one of the wheels, bearing the twenty-hundred-weight of ammunition, passed over my left ankle, the other crushed my hat and pulled my hair. I was pulled out from under the horses' feet and left for the time being in the care of a motherly old black woman, who brought water from the near spring, and caused another one to drip it from a gourd on the injured joint. Then, with my head in her lap, she chafed my hands and wiped the clammy sweat from my brow while the "contrabands," as we were beginning to call them, gathered around with eager curiosity. The old mammy, anxious for her patient, exclaimed, "Stand back out o' de air! It am a Linkum soldier that's done gone got run over. Stand back out o' de air!" The excruciating torture was abated by the complimentary title. I was proud then to be a "a Linkum soldier." I am prouder now than then to wear his name, and when the wheels of life bear me down for the last time, I ask for no higher compliment, I seek no truer statement of the work I have tried to do than that which the white-headed old negress gave the beardless boy on the hot Corinth cornfield in 1862. Then, if I deserve it, let some one who loves me, say, "Here is a 'Linkum soldier' who has done gone got run over," and I shall be satisfied, for it was Lincoln who said: "I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

Here is a saying worthy a place on the walls of the new cathedral which I ask you to help me rear. I ask you business men of Chicago, in the language of John Ruskin: "Is not the manufacture of souls, of a good quality, a business worthy your investments?" I ask you to help me to build up this spiritual industry, upon whose walls we will inscribe the words of good King Alfred: "Power is never good unless he be good who has it;" and again the words of Ruskin: "Life without industry is guilt, industry without art is brutality;" and again, "There is no wealth but life."

My plea was made for me on the Gettysburg battlefield forty years ago. Lincoln's words reach down across the flying years, out across the toiling distances, and plead with us and for us. We, the living, need to be dedicated to the unfinished work, to the task remaining, that by virtue of our high resolve those dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

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LECTURER. When I fell asleep I thought I saw *Neith and †St. Barbara talking together.

Dora. But what had St. Barbara to do wtih it?

L. My dear, I am quite sure St. Barbara is the patroness of good architects; not St. Thomas, whatever the old builders thought. It might be very fine, according to the monk's notions in St. Thomas, to give all his employer's money away to the poor, but breaches of contract are bad foundations, and I believe it was not he, but St. Barbara, who overlooked the work in all the buildings you and I care about. However that may be, it was certainly she whom I saw in my dream with Neith. Neith was sitting weaving, and I thought she looked sad, and threw her shuttle slowly, and St. Barbara was standing at her side, in a stiff little gown, all ins and outs and angles, but so bright with embroidery that it dazzled me whenever she moved; the train of it was just like a heap of broken jewels, it was so stiff and full of corners, and so many-colored, and bright. Her hair fell over her shoulders in long delicate waves, from under a little three-pinnacled crown, like a tower. She was asking Neith about the laws of architecture in Egypt and Greece; and when Neith told her the measures of the Pyramids, St. Barbara said she thought they would have been better three-cornered; and when Neith told her of the measures of the Parthenon, St. Barbara said she thought it ought to have had two transcripts. But she was pleased when Neith told her of the temple of the dew and of the Caryan maidens bearing its frieze; and then she thought that Neith would like to hear what sort of temples she was building herself in the French valleys and on the crags of the Rhine. So she began gossiping, just as one of you might to an old lady, and certainly she talked in the sweetest way in the world to Neith, and explained to her all about crockets and pinnacles, and Neith sat, looking very grave, and always graver as St. Barbara went on, till at last, I'm sorry to say, St. Barbara lost her temper a little, and I was not surprised. For you can't think how provoking Neith looked, sitting there just like a statue of sandstone, only going on weaving like a machine, and never quickening the cast of her shuttle, while St. Barbara was telling her so eagerly all about the most beautiful things, and chatting away as fast as bells ring on Christmas Eve, till she saw that Neith didn't care, and then St. Barbara got as red as a rose and stopped, just in time, or I think she would really have said something naughty.

ISABEL. Oh, please, but didn't Neith say anything then?

L. Yes. She said quite quietly, "It may be very pretty, my love, but it is all nonsense."

I. Oh, dear, Oh, dear! and then?

L. Well, then I was a little angry myself, and hoped St. Barbara would be quite angry, but she wasn't. She bit her lips first, and then gave a great sigh—such a wild, sweet sigh—and then she knelt down and hid her face on Neith's knees. Then Neith smiled a little and was moved.

I. Oh, I am so glad!

L. And she touched St. Barbara's forehead with a flower of white lotus, and St. Barbara sobbed once or twice, and then said: "If you could only see how beautiful it is, and how much it makes people feel what is good and lovely, and if you could only hear the children singing in the Lady chapels!" And Neith smiled—but still sadly—and said, "How do you know what I have seen or heard, my love? Do you think all those vaults and towers of yours have

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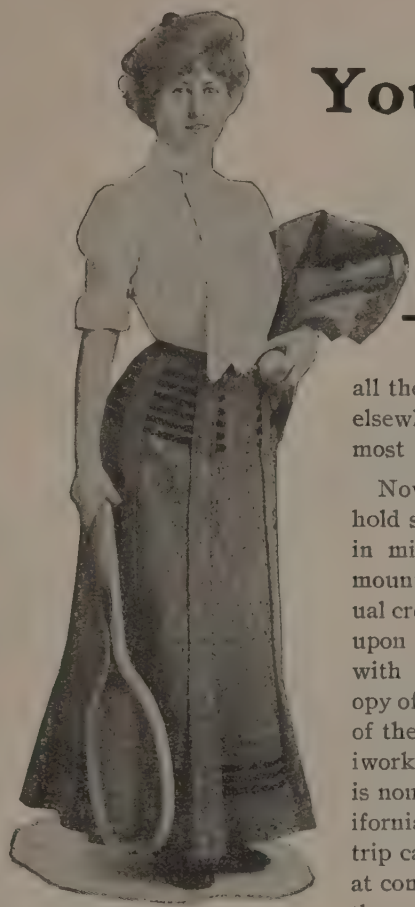
been built without me? There was not a pillar in your Giotto's Santa Maria del Fiore which I did not set true by my spearshaft as it rose. But this pinnacle and flame work which has set your little heart on fire is all vanity, and you will see what it will come to, and that soon, and none will grieve for it more than I. And then every one will disbelieve your pretty symbols and types. Men must be spoken simply to, my dear, if you would guide them kindly and long."

But St. Barbara answered that "Indeed she thought every one liked her work," and that "the people of different towns were as eager about their cathedral towers as about their privileges or their markets," and then she asked Neith to come and build something with her, wall against tower, and "see whether the people will be as pleased with your building as with mine." But Neith answered, "I will not contend with you, my dear. I strive not with those who love me; and for those who hate me it is not well to strive with me, as Weaver Arachne knows. And remember, child, that nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done in pride."

Then St. Barbara hung her head quite down and said she was very sorry she had been so foolish, and kissed Neith, and stood thinking a minute, and then her eyes got bright again and she said she would go directly and build a chapel with five windows in it, four for the four cardinal virtues and one for humility, in the middle, bigger than the rest. And Neith very nearly laughed right out, I thought, certainly her beautiful lips lost all their sternness for an instant, then she said: "Well, love, build it, but do not put so many colors into your windows as you usually do, else no one will be able to see and to read inside, and when it is built, let a poor village priest consecrate it and not an archbishop." St. Barbara started a little, I thought, and turned as if to say something, but changed her mind, and gathered up her train and went out. And Neith bent herself again to her loom, in which she was weaving a web of strange dark colors, I thought, but perhaps it was only after the glittering of St. Barbara's embroidered train, and I tried to make out the figures in Neith's web, and confused myself among them, as one always does in dreams, and then the dream changed altogether.

MARY. What a shame of you to have such a dream, after all you have told us about Gothic architecture!

L. If you have understood anything I ever told you about it you know that no architecture was ever corrupted more miserably, or abolished more justly, by the accomplishment of its own follies.—*John Ruskin in Ethics of the Dust.*



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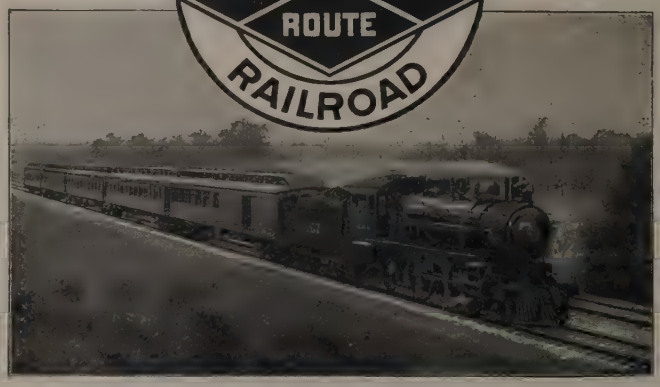

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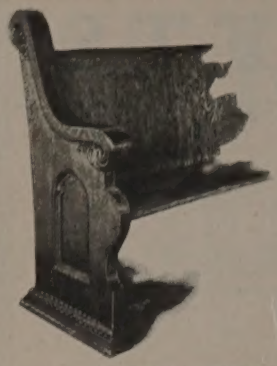

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